THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XV. NO. 23. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1896.—FIFTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A.O.H. GOSSIP.

First Instalment of the State Assessment on the Order Will be Called for Next Month—Formation of Ladies' Auxiliary at Lemont.

Necessity of Working Hard to Make the Annual Picnic a Success—"Smoke Talks" and Other Interesting Matters.

The first instalment of the State assessment will be called for in July. The early payment of the amount levied is earnestly requested by the State officers. Delay in forwarding the same will retard the missionary work planned by those officials, and consequently disappoint those who expect marked progress during 1896 and 1897. I am confident the brothers of Cook county especially, whose great interest in the Order is so well known, will lend their efforts to the building up of the society through the State.

The organization of the Ladies Auxiliary in Lemont took place on Sunday, May 31. Brother J. J. Lamb was commissioned by County President Henely to officiate as installing officer. A delegation of the Ladies auxiliary of Joliet accompanied Brother John F. Quinn, of Will county, to assist at the ceremony. Among the Joliet ladies were Misses McCarthy, Ryan, Gallagher, McGowan, O'Reilly and Mesdames Ryan, Kelly, Record and Marsh. Thirty charter members presented themselves for initiation, including Mesdames Denny, Hanigan, Kennedy, Swan, Godson and Nelson; Misses O'Donnell, Kane, Noonan, Runyon, Hunt, Swan, Kelly, Ryan, Kelleher, Cull, Roebuck, Hartnett and some other ladies whose names I failed to learn. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Miss Harkins; Vice-President, Miss Kelly; Financial-Secretary, Mrs. Beckman; Recording-Secretary, Miss O'Donnell; Treasurer, Mrs. Denny; Sergt-at-Arms, Miss Murphy; Sentinel, Miss Runyon.

After concluding the business of the Order an open meeting was held where all who wished were present and listened to addresses from Brothers Lamb and McClure, of Chicago. The gallant major made some very happy hits in his humorous style, and was tendered an honorary membership in the auxiliary. Brother Quinn, County President of Will county, spoke of his experience with the auxiliary of Joliet, and heartily endorsed the good work which was accomplished by the ladies in his city. Miss Ryan, of Joliet, described the methods of work in the auxiliary of Joliet, and recounted the assistance given by the ladies to the A.O.H. of that city towards purchasing their hall. Miss McCarthy also spoke of the interest taken in the work of the auxiliaries and the possibilities for good which were apparent to all who joined the order. Mrs. Rodgers, High Chief Ranger of the W.C.O.F., spoke on the benefits to be derived from membership in benevolent associations. She cited interesting instances in support of her remarks. Mrs. Rodgers expressed much sympathy with the work of the Ladies Auxiliary of the A.O.H., which she said, was in line with that in which she was engaged. Mrs. Rodgers formed the nucleus of a court of the W.C.O.F., before leaving the meeting. Some of our ladies in the auxiliaries ought to imitate Mrs. Rodgers in her enterprising introduction of the society she was interested in. If we carry our missionary work into other societies where no sick benefits are paid we will win many recruits whose experience will be of assistance.

State President Keating and Brother J. J. Mahoney, of Div. 5, arrived later in the evening and spoke on the growth of the Order, its promise in the future and the lines on which plans for work should be laid to achieve the success the cause deserved. The Rev. Father O'Sullivan closed the meeting with some kindly words of advice. I am confident the organization of the auxiliary will be of the greatest benefit to Div. 22, and that Lemont will forge ahead in Hibernian ranks, possessed as it is of the best citizens in the community and ability for organization of the highest degree.

Division 11 had a "smoke talk" on Thursday, May 28. A very interesting programme was submitted by the committee of arrangements. M. E. McPadden, who was initiated the same evening, delivered an address on his experiences in Irish societies, which was instructive and entertaining. Brother M. E. Lynch, County Treasurer, made some practical suggestions on the workings of the Order, which received, as they deserved, close attention. An error in the date of the event published caused the absence of many who would have been glad to be present, and whose regret at the disappointment was increased when they heard the story of the evenings enjoyment.

The picnic is not quite six weeks off, and it is necessary that the members should bestir themselves. The tickets are, I understand, in the hands of Brother Lamb and as we cannot hope for success without earnest and active work, our division officers should commence to interest the rank and file in the somewhat arduous task. The writer has had some experience in selling tickets and is of the opinion it will be more difficult than it was last year to dispose of the same. This will lead to the necessity of more effort on behalf of the picnic than we made last year. I do not wish to refer to any division whose short comings were noticeable last year, but we want some to do better. It is no pleasant task to make a success of an undertaking of this kind. Usually the work falls on a few, and those few are compelled to bear the brunt of the blame if error occurs, and never thanked if success attends the venture. Let us give the committee in charge the comfort and sympathy of co-operation, and they will require no thanks. Let us be stirring or our picnic will be a failure.

Division 19 will hold their annual picnic in Oswald's Grove, on Sunday, June 7. Brothers Thomas, Shea and Kennedy are bustling for its success, which they hope will equal, if not exceed, that of last year. Brothers would do well not to miss this event which promises to be one of the best of the season.

Division 57 had a "smoke talk" on Thursday, June 3. It is strange how much some divisions are neglected. I have spoken to four officers of different divisions during the past week who say they have not had six visitors during the year. One officer said they had only one. This should be remedied.

Division 20 will celebrate a little on Friday, the 21st inst. Brother Lamb deserves an endorsement of his good work, and we should be glad of an opportunity to show an earnest, efficient officer that we appreciate his efforts. As nearly every member of the county board has promised to be on hand, the evening will be one of pleasant experience, fraternally and socially.

It will interest our military organizations to know that the Supreme court of Massachusetts has decided that independent military organizations cannot parade with arms, or "with anything that looks like a firearm, and a company carrying wooden guns would be amenable under the present laws."

Illinois is fortunate in not having a law or our "boys" would find their occupation gone. It speaks poorly for the legislators' confidence in the masses when laws of this nature exist and are enforced. The timid commonwealth, which inhabits the city of "beans and culture," must be scared to death on the Fourth of July. God be with the days of the historic tea party. How degenerate we are!

There are some inquires made as to visiting expenses of State officers of the A.O.H. For the benefit of inquirers, and particularly for the benefit of those who ought to know better, such expenses are borne by the county or organization which invites the officials to visit them. The organizing expenses will be paid from a fund for such purposes. Information regarding any of the State officers will be cheerfully supplied at the office of THE CITIZEN. ED.

SOCIALIST-LABOR STATE TICKET.

A State convention of the Socialist-Labor party was held at No. 48 West Randolph street, last Saturday, and the following ticket was placed in the field: Governor, Charles Bastian, Chicago; Lieut.-Governor, Gustave Serber, East St. Louis; Secretary of State, J. R. Pepin, Chicago; Auditor, Wm. Schmidt, Chicago; Treasurer, Chas. Hinze, Coal City; Attorney-General, Paul Ehman, Chicago; University Trustees, Mrs. Belle Sayles, Mrs. Fanny Kavanaugh, Mrs. Emma C. Timblin, Chicago. The convention declared in favor of free silver and against the sweating system and the employment of convict labor in competition with free labor.

Bernard Berlyn, State organizer, called the convention to order. Henry Sayle acted as English-speaking chairman, and Albert Eisman as German chairman. J. R. Pepin was chosen secretary. Among those present were Fred Kalbitz, Louis Kaunselbaum, John Collins, C. J. Peters, Mrs. Fanny Kavanaugh, Mrs. Belle Sayles and Jeremiah Adams. M. V. Britzius, of Chicago, and John Coleman, of East St. Louis, were selected presidential electors-at-large, with twenty-two others from the districts. Delegate Adams made a hot speech in which he said Grover Cleveland was the agent of Queen Victoria in his financial policy.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.*

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ANSWERS JUDGE MORRISON.

Mr. John W. Enright, of This City, Takes Up the Cudgels in Defense of a Non-Protective Policy and the Income Tax.

Does Not Believe That Protection Is a Panacea for Existing Depression, But Admits That McKinley Will Be Elected President.

We very willingly publish the subjoined letter in reply to Judge Morrison's communication which appeared in last week's CITIZEN. Mr. Enright is a highly esteemed citizen and a representative Democrat. Therefore, as a matter of course, he views the question of Protection from the Democratic standpoint:

MR. ENRIGHT'S LETTER.

[To the Editor.]

In accordance with your invitation to those who do not believe that Protection is the panacea for stagnation in business, and "dull times," I beg to offer the following remarks in reply to Judge Morrison's letter of last week: What is Protection and how did it originate? When the republic was young, and manufactories of all kinds were in a formative state, it was deemed advisable to assist the "infant industries" as they were then called. It was never intended that they should for all time receive a bonus for their existence. These "infant industries" have long since become huge monopolistic corporations and trusts. It is absurd to argue that they require aid, and that they cannot stand alone.

Protection is taking from the many to enrich the few. Forty years ago there were very few millionaires in this country, now they can be counted by the thousands. This vast enrichment of the few has been at the expense of the many. For every millionaire caused by monopolistic greed, thousands have to suffer in dire poverty.

But, say the advocates of high tariff: "Protection gives employment to labor at good wages." Is this true? Did the passage of the McKinley bill raise the wages of the workman? On the contrary did not the cutting down of the wages of the men employed in Carnegie's works cause the memorable riots or outbreak at Homestead, in Pennsylvania?

If Protection is a good thing why not extend it? Why confine it to the manufacturers alone? Why not protect the farmer and the farm laborer? Your correspondent, Judge Morrison, deplores the statesmanship which causes the government to go into debt for its support. It ought to be taken into consideration, however, that if the income tax was not declared unconstitutional, there would be an abundance of money for government needs. There was no reason to suppose that this law, considered by a great many the most equitable and fair measure that was ever devised, would fail in the end.

But, says your correspondent: "We can get $100,000,000 without borrowing and paying interest, simply by making John Bull pay more duty." The most untrained sciolist in the laws of political economy knows that John Bull does not pay one cent of the duty. That, together with commissions, freight, and every other charge, comes out of the consumers. When the war of the rebellion broke out, the Southerners asserted very confidently, that it could not last over ninety days—that England must have cotton, and that she would be compelled to raise the blockade in order to get it. Did she do it? On the contrary, she put forth every effort to stimulate the growth of cotton in Egypt and India, and from that day to this cotton growing in the south has been a very poor investment.

What should be the policy of the United States? I am now casting sentiment aside, and am speaking as an American citizen, and for what I must consider the best interests of our country. Why is it that we so frequently hear of Germany and France placing embargoes on our meat products? Did my readers ever hear of what is called "fair trade," between nations, as well as between individuals? If we in our arrogance tell England, which is by far our largest customer for our meats and breadstuffs—if we say to her and to Germany and France, "We will surround ourselves with a Chinese wall—we will pass high tariff measures and exclude your products from our country—we will repudiate and ignore what you call "fair trade"—think you they will not find means to pay us back? They are doing it now. England is making mighty efforts, day by day, to draw her food supply, or a great part of it, from Australia, from Russia, and from the Argentine Republic. Ask the statistician why our farmers are getting such low prices for their wheat and other products. His answer will be on the lines indicated above.

My friend, Judge Morrison, thinks that nothing can be more heinous than to borrow money. I would remind him, however, that this money was not thrown away in the "vagabond spendthrift" manner that his imagination portrays. It was simply used to pay other creditors in Europe. If he wants to find "a ruinous policy" a shameless waste of the people's money, let me call his attention to the River and Harbor bill recently passed by a Republican congress, appropriating $17,000,000 for "holes in the ground," and which has received the veto of the President.

Protection, or high tariff, is dangerous and demoralizing to the country. It degrades the party advocating it, because it places in the hands of its leaders huge sums of money to be used in debauching the public conscience, as was done during the first campaign of Mr. Harrison, when "the fat was fried" out of the wealthy corporations. It is the parent of trusts and combinations. It creates "coal barons" and "lumber barons." It has denuded the country of its forests, causing disastrous floods, such as periodically occur on the Rhone and other European rivers, and such as now frequently occur on the Ohio, the Eau Claire, the Wisconsin, and the Chippewa rivers. It stimulates trade at first, but owing to the tariff on raw materials, its policy excludes us from selling in any country but our own. We have only this country for a market. The result is that with the present labor-saving appliances we can manufacture in three years as many goods as we can use in five. Hence, we are compelled to resort to the "shut-down" and the "lock-out" in order to give us time to get rid of the redundancy of the outpnt. I have no doubt but that the Republican party will elect the next president, but I do not believe that they will ever again enact another McKinley bill. I think that they are too wise for that.

JOHN W. ENRIGHT.

CHICAGO, June 4.

"The direct river and harbor appropriation is $12,600,000; continuing contracts, $64,000,000. Total, $76,600,000. Passed over the President's veto.

CATHOLIC LEGION MEMORIAL MASS.

Memorial services were held last Saturday morning in St. Mary's church for departed members of Illinois State Council, Catholic Benevolent Legion. The church was decorated with flags and banners of red, white and blue, while hundreds of candles burned on the altar. The celebrant of the mass was Rev. P. C. Conway; deacon, Rev. J. J. O'Callaghan; subdeacon, Rev. Alexander McGavick; master of ceremonies, Rev. J. M. Scanlan.

Requiem music in high mass was given by the following: Organist, August Espel; soprano, Mrs. J. Woods; alto, Miss May Fleming; tenor, J. J. Wynne; basso, Felix Elderlin. Chorus—soprano, Mrs. John McCable, Miss Agnes Graham, Mrs. H. Herrington, Miss Kate McNulty; altos, Mrs. Dr. George S. Gfroerer, Miss Lizzie Graham, Miss Sarah Heuisler; tenors and bassos, C. J. Moore, W. J. Laughran, W. O. Byrne, Dr. George S. Gfroerer.

The principal address was made by Rev. D. J. Riordan of St. Elizabeth's Church. In its course he said: Patriotism is not the product of war. War may be the product of patriotism. Patriotism precedes war. It deplores its necessity, but demands it when great principles cannot otherwise be maintained. Peace, not war, is fast becoming the motto of all civilized people. Questions affecting private or public interests should be first carefully examined before the higher tribunals of man's intellect and man's conscience. Peace, if possible and consistent with grave interests." Archbishop Feehan and many prominent lay Catholics were present.

The June Arena.

The June Arena opens its 16th volume, appearing in a new dress, and being printed by Skinner, Bartlett & Co. It is an unusually strong number, opening with a brilliant paper by Rev. Samuel Barrows, D. D., the distinguished editor of the "Christian Register" of Boston, on "The First Pagan Critic of Christian Faith and His Anticipation of Modern Thought."

Justice Walter Clark, LL.D. of the Supreme Bench of North Carolina, contributes an instructive and delightful paper on Mexico, the interest of which is enhanced by several excellent illustrations, including a recent portrait of the President of the Mexican Republic. The President of the Mercantile National Bank of New York contributes "A Proposed Platform for American Independents for 1876," which illustrates how strongly the silver movement is taking hold of Eastern financiers no less than the mass of voters in the South and West.

Another paper of special merit, on "Bimetallism," appears in this number by A. J. Utley. It is able and from a silver point of view very convincing.

Prof. Parsons of Boston University Law School continues his masterly papers on the "Government Control of Telegraph," a series of careful papers hitherto unapproached in authoritive character.

Mr. B. O. Flower, the editor of The Arena, writes in a most captivating manner of Whittier's most stirring lines. A fine portrait of the Quaker Poet forms a frontispiece to this number. The editor also discusses somewhat at length in his editorials, the message of Whittier to men and women of to-day, and the proposed platform of Mr. St. John. Another interesting feature of this issue is Mr. Eltweed Pomeroy's illustrated paper on the "Direct Legislation Movement and its Leaders."

Students of the higher metaphysical thought of our time will be deeply interested in Horatio W. Dresser's paper entitled "The Mental Cure in its relation to Modern Thought." Will Allan Dromgoole continues her powerful serial of "Tennessee Life," and Mrs. Calvin Kryder Reifsnider's "Psychical Romance," which opened a few months since, is prefaced by a digest of the preceding chapters. It is also profusely illustrated with exceptionally fine drawings.

These are by no means the full quota of the strong attractions of this brilliant number of America's great progressive, reformative and liberal review.

MEN OF '48.

Some Account of the Brave Terence Bellew MacManus, Who Drew His Sword for Ireland at Ballingarry, Was Sentenced to be Hanged and Finally Transported.

Also of Kevin Izod O'Doherty, One of the Writers for the Irish Tribune, Established After the Exile of Mitchel.

One of the men who took part in the Ballingary affair and who accompanied O'Brien into an enforced exile was Terence Bellew McManus, who had left a successful commercial business in Liverpool to take part in the contemplated outbreak. The very steamer which bore the official announcement of the Suspension Act brought McManus from his peaceful home in Birkenhead to the stormy strife of Irish politics. He hurried from Dublin to the scene of struggle in the South. Here is a description by Thomas Francis Meagher of his meeting with McManus:

"One day at the close of July, 1848, I drove up towards a crowd that had gathered in front of a wretched hovel on the commons of Boulagh, somewhere, I believe, in the South Riding of Tipperary. As I approached nearer, I saw that the crowd was armed. It was a cloudy, damp, drizzly, raw, miserable day. But now and then there were gleams of sunshine; and one of these gleams lit up for an instant a dozen pikes or so, a dozen bayonets, scythes, and gun-barrels, when I was something less than a quarter of a mile from them. Approaching still nearer, a shout was given—then another and then a third—the pikes, scythes, and bayonets being thrust upward in the murky air, amid the waving of hats and green branches and the discharge of pistols. The next moment I recognized Smith O'Brien, John Dillon, and O'Donohoe. Smith O'Brien stood with folded arms a little in advance of the crowd, looking as immutable and serene as usual. . . . As I jumped off the car to throw myself among them, a tall, dashing, soldierly fellow—his frank, bold, handsome features flashing with delight—sprang forward with a ringing and uproarious laugh, to grasp me by the hand. It was his left hand he held out to me—his right had hold of a rifle. A green cap, with a broad gold band, was jauntily tossed upon his head, and a black glazed leather belt, supporting a cartridge box, was buckled round his waist. You recognize McManus at a glance. There he is—into the fight, at last, for which he had so often prayed, and of which he had so often dreamt, and with the anticipations of which he had so often swept into such reveries and ecstacies, even in the midst of business, in the dense fog and roar of Liverpool, when he had a million and a half of merchandise to clog and chain him to the earth, its realities and selfishness. There he is—free at last—free to his heart's content—free as his proud, generous, gallant, reckless, splendid nature ever prompted him to be. Never did he so warmly, vehemently, wildly clasp and welcome me in that dusky little office, in that vast, gloomy warehouse over there in Liverpool—never with such a glowing hand, with such a rush of blood to his bounding heart, did he clasp and welcome me in that cosy little cottage on the beach at Birkenhead—never so convulsively as he did on that drizzly day, on the roadside, on the Commons of Boulagh, when in arms, with the bridge cut clean down behind him, he stood, as he fervently believed, on the eve of firing his first shot and striking his first blow for the liberty of Ireland."

After the Ballingarry episode, and when all hope of a general uprising of the people had been abandoned, McManus attempted to escape from Ireland. He was arrested on board a vessel at Queenstown bound for America, and was brought to trial on Oct. 10, at Clonmel. He was placed in the dock with Meagher and O'Donohue, and was the first of the three confederates to speak. He said:

"My Lords—I trust I am enough of a Christian and enough of a man to understand the awful responsibility of the question which has been put to me. Standing upon my native soil—standing in an Irish court of justice, and before the Irish nation—I have much to say why the sentence of death, or the sentence of the law, should not be passed upon me. But upon entering into this court I placed my life—and what is of more importance to me, my honour—in the hands of two advocates, and if I had ten thousand lives and ten thousand honors, I should be content to place them all in the watchful and glorious genius of the one, and the patient zeal and talent of the other. I am, therefore, content, and with regard to that I have nothing to say. But I have a word to say which no advocate, however anxious and devoted he may be, can utter for me. I say, whatever part I may have taken in the struggle for my country's independence, whatever part I may have acted in my short career, I stand before you, my lords, with a free heart and a light conscience, to abide the issue of your sentence. And now, my lords, this is, perhaps, the fittest time to put a sentence upon record, which is this—that standing in this dock, and called to ascend the scaffold—it may be to-morrow—it may be now—it may be never—whatever the result may be, I wish to put this on record, that in the part I have taken I was not actuated by enmity towards Englishmen individually, whatever I I may have felt for the injustice of English rule in this island; I therefore say, that it is not because I loved England less, but because I loved Ireland more, that I now stand before you."

In 1851 he escaped from captivity, and was one of the first to welcome Meagher at San Francisco when he in turn escaped. He died in 1861, and his remains were brought home to Ireland, where they were accorded the greatest public funeral which perhaps the world has ever seen if the comparatively recent funeral of Mr. Parnell be excepted.

When Mitchel's United Irishman was suppressed and the editor imprisoned, two young medical students, Kevin Izod O'Doherty and Richard D'Alton Williams, stepped into the breach, and in the columns of the Irish Tribune continued to preach the doctrines which had sent Mitchel to the hulks at Bermuda. To this paper Mangan, John Savage, Joseph Brenan, Stephen J. Meany, and Michael Doheny were contributors. Its fate was the same as that of the papers edited by Mitchel and by Martin. After a few numbers the editors were arrested and the paper suppressed. O'Doherty was brought to trial on Aug. 10, and after two disagreements by the jury the necessary conviction was at last secured. He was sentenced to ten years transportation. Asked why the sentence should not be passed upon him, his reply was:

"My lords—I did hope, I confess, that upon being placed in this dock for the third time, after two juries of my fellow-citizens had refused to find a verdict against me, that while my prosecutors have been scrupulous in their care in attempting to uphold their law, they would not have violated the very spirit of justice."

Judge Crampton—"I have a great difficulty in preventing you from making any observations that may occur to you to be of service; but if you mean to cast imputations or obloquy upon the law officers of the crown, the court cannot permit that."

Mr. O'Doherty—"I wish to mention a matter of fact. The Attorney-General stated that there were only three Roman Catholics set aside upon my jury."

Judge Crampton again interposed, and requested the prisoner not to pursue this line of observation.

Mr. O'Doherty—"I would feel much obliged if your lordship would permit me to mention a few more words with reference to my motives throughout this affair.

"I had but one object and purpose in view. I did feel deeply for the sufferings and privations endured by my fellow-countrymen. I did wish by all means, consistent with a manly and honourable resistance, to assist in putting an end to that suffering. It is very true, and I will confess it, that I desired an open resistance of the people to that government, which, in my opinion, entailed these sufferings upon them. I have used the words open and honorable resistance, in order that I might refer to one of the articles brought in evidence against me, in which the writer suggests such things as flinging burning hoops on the soldiery. My lords, these are no sentiments of mine. I did not write that article. I did not see it, or know of it until I read it when published in the paper. But I did not bring the writer of it here on the table. Why? I knew that if I were to do so, it would be only handling him over to the court-house doors to what one of the witnesses has very properly called the fangs of the Attorney-General. With respect to myself I have no fears. I trust I will be enabled to bear my sentence with all the forbearance due to what I believe to be the opinion of twelve conscientious enemies to me, and I will bear with due patience the wrath of the government whose mouthpiece they were; but I will never cease to deplore the destiny that gave me birth in this unhappy country, and compelled me, as an Irishman, to receive at your hands a felon's doom, for discharging what I conceived—and what I still conceive to be my duty. I shall only add that the fact is that instead of three Roman Catholic jurors being set aside by the Attorney-General, there were thirteen; I hold in my hand a list of their names, and out of the twelve jurors he permitted to be sworn there was not one Roman Catholic."

Many years afterwards, when he had secured an unconditional pardon, he settled down in one of the Australian colonies as a medical doctor, and had a long and prosperous career. He married "Eva" of the Nation. He came back to Ireland some years ago and joined the Irish Parliamentary party under the leadership of Mr. Parnell. The tie of old affections contracted far away were too strong. From beneath the murky skies of London he yearned for the light of the Southern Cross, and after resigning his trust and bidding a long farewell to the friends of his youth, he again sailed away in the track his convict ship had plowed nearly half a century before.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

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CHICAGO, JUNE 6, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—"The Gay Parisians."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Great Diamond Robbery."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE FLAG FOOLS SAT UPON.

If the flag fools wanted the dishonest and despotic Flag law brought into public contempt they could not go about their object in a better way than to seek to enforce it by process of grand jury indictment. It is very singular that no other generation of so-called Americans, since the beginning of the government, found such a law necessary. Patriotism by State statute is the latest outgrowth of busy-body legislation. By the passage of such a law Illinois proved that she had more damphools to the square inch in her legislature than any other State. The Flag law is the laughing stock of sensible people, who remember that the only American citizens that ever sought to displace the Stars and Stripes were those of American birth and parentage. We do not like to bring up the question, in this season of rather effusive professions of fraternity, which we hope are as sincere as they are exuberant, but we will ask the Know-nothings to name a foreign-born officer, educated at the United States military academy at West Point, who renounced his allegiance to the flag at the time of the civil war? Every man who did so, from Lee to Hood, was a native American. In the war of the revolution, the only prominent detected traitor was Benedict Arnold, a native of Connecticut, and the most prominent suspected traitor was General Lee, an Englishman by birth and a Protestant in religion. Why, then, this burning desire on the part of the flag fools of Illinois to compel a display of the national bunting on private and parochial, as well as public schools?

It is fortunate that when legislators and grand juries lose their heads, and make themselves ridiculous, our judiciary comes to the rescue. We are informed by a dispatch from Jacksonville, Ill., dated the 30th ult., that the indictments recently found by the grand jury of that place—a most appropriate place of residence for such a grand jury—against the trustees of the Illinois college, and the pastors of the Catholic and Lutheran schools for alleged nonobservance of the Flag law had been quashed by Judge Epler, on motion of the defendants. The court granted the motion on the ground that they were faulty in themselves in the matter of their averments, and also that they were not made according to the statute, which provides that in order to find an indictment for disobeying this law complaint must be made before a justice of the peace or on information filed in the county court.

"While the decision of the judge is undoubtedly good law," says the telegram, "the fact is that the law itself is very unpopular, and the judge, it is said, was glad to find a loophole through which he could crawl out of granting a trial in the case. There is thought to be little excuse enough for compelling public schools to float the flag, but when it comes to private institutions few believe the statute would ever stand a test of the supreme court.

"The schools of this place are its best enterprises and the attempt to persecute them in this manner has met with marked disapproval. No one is willing to father the original complaint. The verdict of the court gives general satisfaction."

Judge Epler deserves congratulations for his sensible decision. If such enactments as the Flag law were to be treated seriously, some patriotic fool or knave would soon introduce into the legislature, and have passed, a law compelling all new-born babies in Illinois to be tattooed with the United States flag on the right cheek and the State flag on the left. Perhaps, also, to be branded with the letters "U. S." on the forehead. There is hardly a boundary to the rampant idiocy of parchment patriotism.

A LAND OF BEAUTY, HEALTH AND WEALTH.

Notwithstanding her political and social misfortunes, Ireland is still distinguished as a tourists' paradise, an incomparable health resort, where people live to a biblical age, and also, strange as it may seem to outsiders, a land of gold, more or less hidden in the intestines of the earth. That Ireland is a land of beauty, as regards climate and scenery, all strangers who have visited her emerald shores admit, and none more freely than such renowned Englishmen as Thomas Babington Macaulay, William Makepeace Thackeray and Alfred Austin, the recently crowned poet laureate. Of late years, the English press has been filled with glowing accounts of the charms of the Irish interior and the coast lines, and Tourist companies have been formed to direct travelers toward the beauties of this favored land. In a recent leading article, the Dublin Freeman says:

"With those of our own countrymen who fly to foreign shores ere they have drunk in all the beauty which lies at their own doors it is almost useless to argue. Theirs is the loss; and we can only hope that the Irish Tourist Association, which primarily aims at the development of Ireland as a touring centre for the thousands of pleasure-seekers who annually spread themselves over the face of Europe, may at the same time awaken a keener interest in the breasts of many Irishmen whose ignorance of their own land almost amounts to a crime. The wonder of it all is, when we come to consider the question, that long ere this, organization had not done for Ireland what it has achieved for other countries. Switzerland lives and thrives out of the floating population which makes its summer home under the shadow of the Matterhorn or by Lucerne's placid waters. Its government recognizes this important factor in the national wealth, and facilities for the travelling public abound. Other countries are no less watchful of their people's interests, and the result is that the tourist industry, as it may be termed, works for the general prosperity. Our Irish mountains may not be as overwhelming in their towering grandeur as Jura, and our lakes and rivers may not approach the size of those to be seen on the continent, but physical magnitude is not everything, and we think we may fairly claim that, apart from the element of size, our scenery does not yield the palm to that of any country on the globe.

"Why, then, it may be asked, is it that Ireland does not secure her proportionate share of the tourist traffic? Undoubtedly it is largely, if not solely, because of the indifference of Irishmen themselves. This apathy has scarcely yet ceased to exist, but the Tourist Association, the awakening of the railway companies, and the activity of hotel proprietors afford welcome indications that a better era is approaching. There is one vital consideration which must not be lost sight of. Tourists cannot live on mountain air, no matter how bracing, nor can the beauty of our Western coast-line satisfy the cravings of the inner man."

We wish to say to our Irish contemporary that many American tourists, some of them sons of Irish parents, have expressed disgust on their return to this country from Ireland, of the professional mendicancy so offensively displayed in some of the chief cities of the country and also at resorts like Killarney and Glengariff. Professional mendicants are, generally speaking, not proper objects of charity, and the Irish municipalities should see to it that they are kept more in the background than they have been. Their stereotyped prayers, and equally stereotyped anathemas, their persistency and their grotesque costumes, give strangers a false impression of Ireland and the Irish. This nuisance should be abated without delay, if Ireland is to become a place of attraction for foreign tourists.

As a health resort, Ireland looms up stronger than any country in Western Europe. A writer in the Buffalo Commercial of recent date, dealing with the subject of "The Oldest People in the World," says:

"A German statistician has studied the census returns of Europe to learn a few things about the centenarians of the old world. He has found, for instance, that high civilization? does not favor the greatest length of life. The German empire, with 55,000,000 population, has but 78 subjects who are more than 100 years old. France, with fewer than 40,000,000, has 213 persons who have passed their 100th birthdays. England has 146; Ireland, 578; Scotland, 46; Denmark, 2; Belgium, 5; Sweden, 10, and Norway, with 2,000,000 inhabitants, 23. Switzerland does not boast a single centenarian, but Spain, with but 13,000,000 population, has 401."

The same writer, however, says that the Balkan Peninsula beats all records, and for the benefit of those who wish to live longer than even the Irish do, we give the statistics:

"Servia has 575 persons who are more than 100 years old; Roumania, 1,084, and Bulgaria, 8,883. In other words, Bulgaria has a centenarian for every 1,000 inhabitants, and thus holds the international record for old inhabitants. In 1892 alone there died in Bulgaria 350 persons of more than 100 years. In the Balkan Peninsula, moreover, a person is not regarded as on the verge of the grave the moment he becomes a centenarian. For instance, in Servia there were in 1890 some 290 persons between 106 and 115 years, 123 between 115 and 125, and 18 between 126 and 135. Three were between 135 and 140."

But, with all her misfortunes, we would rather live 100 years in Ireland than double that period in the Balkan country. The United States does not loom up strongly as a home of the long lived, but we prefer a short life, with liberty, to a long life without it.

As a land of gold, what, it will be asked, are the pretensions of Ireland? We take the following from the Freeman (Dublin) of May 23:

"Gold was found in Wicklow in various places. Owing to its wide dissemination it seldom existed in large paying quantities, except when washed out by a mountain stream. Nevertheless many big finds took place there. In 1770 a man named Byrne picked up a nugget weighing twenty-two ounces in the Gold Valley river. The poor man mistook it for copper, and used it as a weight for twenty years. Then a travelling pedler bought it, and sold it in Dublin for £100, though, its actual value was not more than £88. George III. was presented with it, and there its history ends.

"The news of Byrne's luck spread like wild fire, and in a short time 300 men, women, and children were busy seeking gold. For six weeks they were washing sand, and during this brief period they obtained 2,668 ounces of gold, worth £10,000. This was before the rebellion (1797) and the government, jealous of the easy acquired wealth of the Wicklow folk, prohibited the gold-seeking on the pretext that the people were assembling for treasonable purposes. The Kildare militia dispersed the people and sought the metal for themselves. In 1798 the troops were transferred after they had lessened the valley's golden treasure of the exact sum of £3,675 7s 11½d. Since their departure the natives have found £25,000 worth of gold. This included a twenty-four ounce nugget picked up by a young girl under a stepping stone in a rivulet.

"The lode itself has never been found, and the Wicklow valleys and mountains hold their secret still. The imperfect nature of the operations and the want of capital prevent the possibility of a successful search. Mr. Gore-Rider's idea was that the government should get competent persons to explore the district and establish the situation of the lode. One or two small works could be erected, and reliable assays made. In India the government undertook such work for the common good, and if done in India why not in Ireland?

"From a small stream four miles long £40,000 worth of gold had been won, and nuggets weighing twenty-two, twenty-four, and nineteen ounces had been found there. The dry gulches which might have as much more were never explored."

It would be queer, indeed, if the County Wicklow should turn out to be an Irish California. If the Freeman's statement relative to Irish gold findings were published by an American paper relative to an accessible American district, there would be an immediate stampede to the long neglected "diggins." Nothing could stop the people until they had found the yellow idol, or torn the bowels out of the ground in the effort.

IRISH VOLUNTEERS' PARADE.

Certain legislative idiots in the State of New York, unmindful of the spirit of the American constitution and filled with an insane hatred of "foreigners? and Catholics," passed a section of a military code some years ago by which military organizations not connected with the national guard, are prohibited from carrying arms in holiday parades in which the state troops take a part. It was a dead letter until recently. This absurd law debarred the recently formed first regiment of Irish volunteers, of New York city, commanded by Col. James Moran, from marching in the grand military procession on Decoration Day; but, nothing daunted, the gallant colonel resolved to parade his regiment, with arms, in honor of the heroic dead, all by itself. A New York telegram of the 30th inst., gives the particulars of the event thus:

"Colonel Moran, who commands the volunteers, performed the promise which he made ten days ago—to parade his regiment with arms on Decoration Day, in spite of all opposition. For the first time, at least as a full organization, the Irish regiment marched through the streets of New York to-day with arms in their hands. Truth to tell, they made a gallant show. There were twelve companies, aggregating nearly 700 men, including officers and field music. Their admirers have seen them hundreds of times by artificial light in their armory at drill, but to-day was the first opportunity they had of seeing the sunlight glinting on their arms and showing off their natty uniforms. They have carefully avoided that gingerbread business, so common to private organizations, of tinsel, feathers and showy clothes. The uniform of the United States regulars has been copied almost exactly. The only difference noticeable is that the top of the cap is yellow, with a green shamrock in the center. This is said to symbolize the union of orange and green, the sinking of sectional and sectarian differences.

"The volunteers carried arms purchased from the government. They are breech-loaders, discarded for a newer pattern. They were burnished to look spick and span new, and, as the uniforms were bright, clean and well fitting, the regiment, so far, could compare favorably with any in the national guard. To a rollicking Irish air the regiment stepped off the avenue from the armory at Lexington avenue and Forty-third street. Never once did the band play an Italian or German operatic air, but, confining itself to the inspiring strains of Irish music, gave the boys a chance to do their best. It is a question whether they would have marched as well without this helpful kind of music, which their countrymen in the national guard seldom or never hear.

"They had been invited to visit the Cuban fair immediately after they declined to join in the usual Memorial Day parade, not being permitted to parade with the national guard. The Cubans had an ovation prepared for them, and received them with cheers. Colonel Moran said subsequently: 'I said we would obey the law, and we have and will always do so. We have been organized to sustain the law, and stand ready to serve the state at the call of authority.'"

Yes, Colonel. When the lickspittle military authorities of New York court-martialed Col. Michael Corcoran, in 1860-61, for refusing to parade the brave old 69th in honor of Victoria's profligate son, the Prince of Wales, the feather-bed warriors who sought to persecute the the gallant Irishman did not dream that Sumter would be fired upon so soon. At the first report of the rebel cannon, the proceedings were quashed and Corcoran released from arrest. His first act was to call upon his regiment to defend the national government, and how nobly it responded history has recorded "in glittering steel and flame." We don't know much about these Irish volunteers, or what definite object they have in view, but we applaud the spirit manifested by their colonel and themselves. If their object is to fight for America, should she be endangered by domestic treason or foreign aggression, we wish them God speed. If their object is to aid Ireland, opportunity offering, we wish them the same.

Remember still, through good and ill
How vain were prayers and tears—
How vain were words till flashed the swords
Of the Irish volunteers!

NOTICE.

The officers of Irish and Catholic societies will greatly oblige THE CITIZEN by sending in their reports of society and religious events not later than noon on Wednesdays.

COL. MAC ISHKA AND THE "ANGLO SAXONS."

The United States consuls of Great Britain and Ireland, tendered to Consul-General Patrick A. Collins a dinner in London on Decoration Day. All the American consuls located in Great Britain and Ireland were in attendance except three, who were absent from the country. Among those present were Ambassador Bayard and the entire staff of the embassy, Joseph Pulitzer of the New York World, Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, S. E. Morse, consul-general at Paris, and Hannis Taylor, United States minister to Spain. Addresses were made by Ambassador Bayard. J. E. Neal, United States consul at Liverpool; G. F. Parker, United States consul at Birmingham, and Minister Taylor. The cablegram further informs us that "the speech of the evening" was made by Col. Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville, Ky., Courier-Journal. The colonel refuted the alleged statement of T. P. O'Connor, editor of the London Sun, in reference to the probable disaffection of the southern states, once in rebellion, in case of war with Great Britain. He said that, on the contrary, there was a feeling of thankfulness among his people of the South that God had laid the weight of his hand on the southern confederacy and preserved the life of the American union. In continuation the colonel said:

"It goes without saying, and should need no self-seeking flunkey eager for social recognition, no resonant lip-service, delighted to have an audience and rejoicing at the sound of its own voice, to impress the intelligent Englishman with the truth that no intelligent American desires anything except the most constant and cordial relations of friendship. This talk of common institutions and a common language is common talk. More than this, it is in some respects misleading.

"Talk of a common language did not prevent the United States from going to war with England on two occasions.

"It is certainly true that these two great nations together occupy a position strong enough to rule the destinies of the human race, but they are not likely to agree upon terms until Englishmen find as much to thrill them with a feeling of glory and pride at the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon as the Americans find to thrill them with a similar feeling at the birthplace of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon.

"If in recalling the heroic dead, in whose memory we drink to-night, I take leave to hoist our national bunting a little higher than the duke of York's column, if I also trail it in pious homage before that dome where lie the remains of Wellington and Nelson, I certainly do not mean to beard the lion in his den nor twist his tail when I remind Englishmen we, too, have in Sherman, Lee, Farragut and Stonewall Jackson Anglo-Saxon soldiers and sailors whom all Britons should delight to honor."

Why did Col. Watterson spoil his fine, American speech by dragging in the mythical "Anglo-Saxon?" Does he not know that the best blood of America is not "Anglo-Saxon," but Celtic? Even his own name is clearly Gaelic—Watterson, in Irish MacIshka. Why should the gallant colonel go back on his Celtic forbears? We blush for his recreancy. Then again, Gen. Sherman was no more an "Anglo-Saxon" than Farragut—the latter was of Latin blood. Old Tecumseh "confessed" to the Rev. George W. Pepper, Methodist clergyman and chaplain in the army of the west, that he was of Irish origin. "Stonewall" Jackson was almost a pure Celt, for Jackson is a distinctly Irish name, (not Scotch-Irish but Irish-Irish) and is a translation of the tribe name of Mac Shane—an offshoot of the O'Neills of Ulster. We have no positive evidence, either, that Robert E. Lee was an Anglo-Saxon.

Why should Col. Mac Ishka, of Louisville, we repeat, go back on his regal Celtic ancestry? No man with hi s gallant, generous impulses ever was an "Anglo-Saxon." The Anglo-Saxons are the dullards of creation, and were never of any account until the French-Normans went over and put some life into them.

THEY have been burning Mayor Swift in effigy up on North avenue. They could easily find fatter food for fuel.

THE salaries of the school teachers in this city will have to stand a cut of 5 per cent for the ensuing fiscal year. This is a most illiberal an unjust reduction, but there seems to be no help for it at present.

THE senate and house of representatives passed the River and Harbor bill over the President's veto on Tuesday by overwhelming majorities. The senate also passed the Butler Anti-Bond bill, which prohibits the President from borrowing money without further authority from congress.

AMONG the organizations that were particularly distinguished by their fine military bearing in the great parade of Decoration Day in Chicago, were the Seventh regiment, I. N. G., commanded by Col. Marcus Kavanaugh, and the battalion of Clan-na-Gael Guards, commanded by Maj. J. J. Reilly. They were a credit to the Irish-American people of Chicago, and deserve every encouragement at their hands. We understand that both organizations are to have picnics on July 4, and we sincerely hope that both will be as successful as they deserve to be. The celebration of the Guards will be held at Oswald's Grove, but we have not yet been informed of the place selected by the gallant Seventh.

MR. C. G. DOWLING, one of the most popular citizens and business men of South Chicago, left here this week en route to Great Britain and Ireland, where he will spend several months. Mr. Dowling has been absent from Ireland since early boyhood, and will meet but few in his native place who lived there when he left it, but, like many another returned Irishman, "the hills of his country will welcome him yet."

THE Republican statesmen who still seem to hope that they will euchre Maj. McKinley out of the presidential nomination, should remember the adage about stopping the falls of Niagara with a pitchfork.

A MAY party was given Friday evening of last week by the Union Catholic Library association at Bournique's. There was a large attendance, and during the evening Mr. A. E. Bournique led the german.

BARNEY DELANEY, the celebrated Irish piper, was the admired of all admirers at the bazaar of all nations in Milwaukee. His merry lilts set all feet going, and Jeremiah Quin, Peter Doyle, Ald. Corcoran and Gov. Peck danced to his music with an elan that suggested Ireland and the sky over it. Barney is invincible with the bagpipes.

AN entertainment was given on Tuesday evening, May 26, at the residence of Mrs. Sullivan, No. 240 North State street, at which a clock, donated by her for the benefit of a church in Ireland, was raffled. The sum realized amounted to $65. The drawing was followed by a musicale, and a most enjoyable time was spent. Words of gratitude from the hostess and eulogies of the energetic pastor, who is to be the recipient, brought the party to a close, the orchestra playing "God Save Ireland."

A SACRED CONCERT was given Sunday night in St. Francis Xavier's church at LaGrange, under the direction of Prof. Hans S. Line, assisted by the following soloists and artists: Miss Mary Cullinan, soprano; Miss Lillian Gorey, soprano; Miss Agnes Fitzpatrick, soprano; Miss Ada Harrington, mezzo-soprano; Mrs. Edward Coulter, contralto; Mrs. O. H. Marten, alto; Miss Elizabeth Shaughnessy, alto; Mr. F. L. Keller, tenor; Mr. H. Wright, tenor; Mr. Thomas Carson, barytone; Mr. William Blaser, basso; Mr. Joseph Vilim, violin; Mr. F. L. Russell, violin; Mr. Joseph Halamicek, violin; Mr. C. Frey, cello; Mr. John Gibbs, viola, and complete choir.

THE wedding of Mr. Joseph P. Rend of Chicago and Miss Alice M. English of Columbus, Ohio, was celebrated at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Columbus, Wednesday morning week in the presence of the immediate families of the contracting parties and a few friends, about thirty in all. The ceremony was performed by Father Mulhearn at 11 o'clock. Miss Jessie English, the bride's sister, was maid of honor, and James Rend best man. The ushers were Dr. Joseph Potter and Ted B. Miller. A wedding breakfast was served at the English home, and Mr. and Mrs. Rend left at 8 o'clock for New York, after a reception.

WHY does John E. Redmend fall down and worship Cecil Rhodes? We think the latter one of the greatest freebooters that England has produced—a true successor of Raleigh, Morgan, Forbisher and Drake.

MR. STEPHEN O'BRIEN, the well-known Irish Nationalist of this city, is gone on vacation to Great Britain, Ireland and the Continent of Europe. He will spend several months abroad, putting in most of his time in the land of his birth. We wish him bon voyage, a good time and a safe return.

BROTHER ADJUTOR AT HOME.

Brother Adjutor of the De La Salle Institute, returned from his trip to Europe recently and received a fine reception from his pupils when he appeared among them, after an absence of four months. A band played "Home, Sweet Home," and William Conley read the address of welcome, which was both graceful and cordial in its expressions of greeting. It closed with these words: "Rejoicing that you are home again from a foreign shore, from our hearts united we bid you a thousand welcomes."

Brother Adjutor returned suitable thanks and gave his young friends some account of his foreign tour. He visited the various institutions of the Christian Brothers in France and noticed the great progress of the order in educational matters. He found students from all parts of the world at the model farm of 10,000 acres at Beauvais. He was welcomed everywhere, and particularly in Ireland, when they knew he came from Chicago. He went to his old home in Ireland, and when in Dublin was the guest of the lord mayor. Besides visiting the educational institutions, Brother Adjutor did some splendid missionary work by getting a large number of young men to join the order of the Christian Brothers.

BUFFALO BILL AT THE COLISEUM.

Buffalo Bill, (the Hon. W. F. Cody) and his Wild West Show, are again "in our midst," reinforced by many attractions on foot and horseback, principally the latter. His exhibition opened the celebrated Coliseum, 63rd street and Jackson Park, on June 1. The weather was cold for the rosy month, but, nevertheless, there was a good attendance, both afternoon and evening, and the performance proceeded without a hitch. Indians, Cowboys, Bedouins, Cossacks of the Don, Mexicans, United States troopers, French Chasseurs, South Americans, German Uhlans and Irish dragoons vied with each other in the feats of miraculous horsemanship. There was also much wonderful shooting at marks stationery and flying in which Buffalo Bill himself bore a conspicuous part. At the proper time the Deadwood stage coach was turned loose; the Indians attacked it in force; Buffalo Bill and his dauntless cowboys came to the rescue, a brisk battle ensued, in which much gunpowder was burned, and, finally, the stage was rescued and the savages driven off much faster than they came. Col. Cody has quite an army, brilliantly gotten up, under his command. He has, in fact, the greatest rough riding exhibition ever presented to the public in the history of mankind. Major John M. Burke, the ever pleasant manager, is with the outfit, and is well pleased with the outcome in Chicago up to date. The Wild West will remain in this city for two weeks only, and no public spirited citizen should fail to see it himself and bring his family, if he has one, with him. It is the finest object lesson in the world.

OBITUARY.

FUNERAL OF RODNEY WELCH.

The funeral services of the late Prof. Rodney Welch, who died last Friday of a liver affection, were held at the residence of his brother-in-law, Gen. Hermann Lieb, of 616 La Salle avenue, at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon. Many old pupils of the colleges with which Prof. Welch had been connected, members of the Philosophical society and newspaper men attended the service. The last request of the late editor was that his funeral services should be of the simplest nature. In accordance with this request the flowers were few and there was no music. Dr. Adam Miller, a member of the Philosophical society, preached the funeral sermon, in which he told of the many works and results of Prof. Welch's life. The pallbearers were all lifetime friends or literary associates of the deceased. They were Messrs. Sheldon P. Patterson, J. A. Scott, W. T. C. Hyde and C. H. Rose. Interment was in Oakwoods cemetery.

Ninety Per Cent of all the people need to take a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla at this season to prevent that run-down condition of the system which invites disease.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable and do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists. 25c.

HOLY FAMILY PARISH.

Magnificent Parade of Catholic Societies in Honor of His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan.

The Sacrament of Confirmation Administered by the Prelate to Seven Hundred Catholic Children and Fifty Converts.

The sacrament of confirmation was administered to 700 children of the Holy Family (Jesuit) parish last Sunday afternoon by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan. It was made the occasion of a superb religious display by the people of that great parish, which is under the able guidance of the Rev. M. P. Dowling, S. J., its eloquent pastor.

The procession moved at 2 o'clock from its point of rendezvous, Twelfth and May streets, to the junction of Ashland boulevard and Harrison street, where it met the Archbishop, who was accompanied by Rev. Fathers Weinman and Chambers. The procession was composed of the following officers and organizations:

Grand Marshal—Thomas F. Scully.
Aids to grand marshal—J. T. O'Rourke, Charles Clarke, Col. J. J. Owens, J. J. Collins, John J. Lawles, James McGinley, E. Moroney, James J. Gillen, M. Sharpless, James Russell, Jas. Brennan, Dudley Solon, W. Mulligan, J. O'Brien, P. Carmody, E. Kennedy, Wm. Ryan and John G. O'Donnell.

FIRST DIVISION.

Platoon of police
Patriotic Sons Military Band
Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew
Young Men's Sodality
United States Juniors Military Band
United States Juniors
Married Men's Sodality Band
Married Men's Sodality
Juvenile Band
Emerald Cadets
First communion boys and girls
Young Crusaders
St. Joseph's Society
Holy Family Society
Columbian Guards
Sacred Heart Convent School
St. Aloysius School
St. Joseph's Cadets
St. Joseph's School
St. Agnes' School
Guardian Angels Cadets
Ephpheta (Deaf and Dumb) School of St. Joseph's Home

SECOND DIVISION.

Father Mathew T. A. and B. Band
Father Mathew Cadets
Father Mathew T. A. and B. Society
Temperance Cadet Band
Holy Family Cadets
Holy Family T. A. and B. Society
Ancient Order of Hibernians, Divisions 28, 5, 7, 25
Gaelic Athletic Association

THIRD DIVISION.

Catholic Order of Foresters
Division marshal—Wm. T. Doherty
Aids—John F. O'Brien, Jr., and Thomas Doonan
Uniform Rank C. O. F.
Col. John J. Owens, commanding, and staff
First Regiment C. O. F. Band
First battalion—Companies 3, 12, 13 and 18
Second battalion—Companies 4, 15, 16 and 19
Third battalion—Campanies 9 and 27
Forrest's Military Band
Holy Family court No. 1
St. Joseph's court No. 8
St. Ignatius court No. 18
Seventh Regiment Band
St. Aloysius court No. 27
Bramhall's Military Band
St. Rose of Lima court No. 70
Oakley court No. 128
Sherman court No. 228

The line of march was as follows: Twelfth street to Centre avenue, Centre avenue to Washburne avenue, Washburne avenue to Ashland boulevard, Ashland boulevard to Harrison street, countermarch on Ashland boulevard to Taylor street, Taylor street to May street, May street to Eleventh street, Eleventh street to Blue Island avenue, Blue Island avenue to Twelfth street, west on Twelfth street to May street.

On the entire line of march people crowded the sidewalks and they numbered between 30,000 and 40,000. At the Sacred Heart convent, at St. Joseph's Home and at Sodality hall little girls appeared and made offerings of flowers to the archbishop, who in return blessed them and made them happy.

The archbishop left the procession in time to review it from the veranda of St. Ignatius college. Beneath him was an immense concourse of sight-seers, who maintained perfect order. On the reviewing stand with him were Rev. M. P. Dowling, pastor of Holy Family parish, Father Hoeffer, rector of the college, and Fathers Weinman and Chambers.

All the societies made a fine appearance, but the gallant boys composing the Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew and the United States Juniors seemed to bear off the palm.

The juvenile band, the members of which were attired in green jackets and red zouave trousers, was followed by schoolboys in emerald jackets and black knickerbockers, the 700 children dressed in white, and the aged members of the Married Men's Sodality in carriages.

At 4 o'clock the Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew cleared a way from the college to the church and admitted the children who were to be strengthened in the faith. Then fifty acolytes in white, red and purple, led by assistant master of ceremonies Thomas Shea, preceded the archbishop, who walked beneath a canopy, accompanied by Fathers Coppinger and Brongeest. His Grace wore a cape, the mitre, and carried the crosier. After they had entered the church the people outside crowded in.

The church seats but 2,000 people, but fully twice that number gained entrance, one-half standing up. Archbishop Feehan addressed the children, impressing upon them the dignity of the service. Little acolytes, bearing guidons, then brought the candidates forward in detachments, and the sacrament was administered. The archbishop stepped up to the kneeling children and bestowed the sacrament according to the sacred rites of the Catholic church.

During the ceremony the children of St. Aloysius school sang, accompanied by the small organ on the lower balcony. After the confirmation the regular church choir rendered the following selections, while organist Leo Mutter played on the large pipe organ: Confirma hoc (chorus), Richardson; O Salutaris (trio), Wiegard; Tantum Ergo, Klein. Fifty grown persons, who were converts of the year, were also confirmed. Rev. John J. Reilly, S.J., acted as master of ceremonies.

THE UBIQITOUS IRISHMAN.

In every clime, in every time, the Irishman we see,
You'll find him in Alaska and in balmy Araby;
A bold Egyptian officer he walked the streets of On,
And he borrowed silver shekels from the Jews of Babylon.

The first great Irishman we meet was Cain, the arrant knave,
And next, we read that David hid in dark O'Dollams cave;
As Timmy Lane or Timerlane, Patricius sought for scalps,
And as Barker, with old Hanibal he climbed the Julian Alps.

The genius Archimedes, now, was only Archie Meade,
His father was an Irishman, from county Clare, indeed.
And the great immortal Sulla, the emperor of Rome,
Bore the cognomen of Sullivan, O'Sullivan at home.

The redoubtable Ucalegon who kept the gates of Troy
Was a chieftain named O'Callahan, a brawny Kerry boy,
And old Cassius' name was Casey—admitted by you all,
And Hannibal's old woman was a Mrs. Hannah Ball.

Terentius the playwright was a certain Terence Flynn,
Timoleon of Corinth was the same as Tim O'Lynn,
And the great Horatius Cocles, the doughty Roman knight,
Was a little chap called Coakley, just spoiling for a fight.

The valiant knights Rusellae were the Russels of Mayo,
And the bard Arion's father spelt Arion with an O;
Halone was Maloney, and brave Neleus was Neil,
And Barca was Barry with a head as hard as steel.

The undertaker Charon was a Tipperary man
Whose cognomen was Carey, ere the ferry boat he ran;
And pretty Polymela was Polly Maley when
The god of laughter Comus was Comey, king of men.

The Roman Patalene was a Corkman, Paddy Lean,
And Maronus was Maroney, a Galway man, I ween,
And Mulvius was Mulvey, and my good friends, if you please,
The celebrated Patrocles was only Patrick Keyes.

The famous Bobones was no other chap, I feel,
Than a Bog-of-Allen gentleman whose name was Bob O'Neal,
And the noble Miccotrogus must have had a pretty brogue,
And a beautiful shillelah for his name was Mickey Trogue.

Ophelas was O'Phelan, and Magrades was Magrath,
And Dolon was an Irishman as all the Dolans are;
And Halius was Haley, while old Mago was Magee,
And Milo was an Irishman named Miley, all agree.

A man that is not prejudiced with half an eye can see
That the lovely lady Danae, was Mrs. Danahy;
That Brigiani was the Latin form of Bridget Ann,
And the noble Dionysius for a surname had McCann.

The Hebrew bard Hoshea was none other than O'Shea,
And the Jewish Molertag was our Moriarity;
The Maccabees, the saviors of their country, I declare,
Were the brave Kilkenny Maccaboys, and Maccavoys of Clare.

The Persian bard Shan Farah was a promising gossoon,
Whose name was Shane O'Farrel in the country of Muldoon;
The poet Mirtas Shaffy was called Murty, and McKee
Was the Irish appellation of the famous Valmiki.

The Arabs loved the Isish for their valor in the fight,
And when they died they gave their names unto the stars of night;
Thus, Al. DeBarron gave his name to Aldebaran fair,
And Sheratan is Arabic for Sheridan, I swear.

—*Catholic Union and Times.*

Mr. and Mrs. Cronin Bereaved.

A correspondent announces the death of the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Cronin, of this city, who passed away on the 25th ult., at the age of 3 years and 2 months. The interment was at Calvary cemetery, and was attended by a large concourse of the friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Cronin. Mr. Cronin is a well-known Irish Nationalist and a prominent member of the Gaelic Athletic association.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

"Ought Schools, Banks, Railroads and Telegraphs Be Controlled by the State" was the theme of discussion at the Lyceum meeting on Thursday evening, May 28. Secretary Sherlock, when selecting this subject, naturally anticipated that a full house would reward his untiring efforts, but he was scarcely prepared for the multitude that almost left standing room at a premium. Though perhaps the great benefits and advantages of the Lyceum have been slowly observed and availed of, still its growth has been sure and steady, and today it is a pleasing thing to record that it is the leading Irish Literary society in Chicago.

A very interesting musical programme was also rendered, and very favorably received. The first number, a very pathetic and inspiring recitation, "The Lament of a Starving Irish Child," was admirably given by Miss Lizzie Connors and evoked long-continued applause. Miss Isabel A. Gordon, a popular and very efficient elocutionist, kept the good-natured crowd in roars of laughter telling of the joys and sorrows of "A Fashionable School-Girl." Miss Gordon is a young lady of ability and culture in the elocutionary line, and was accorded storms of applause. As an unavoidable encore she gave "Utterly Utter" in a most captivating style. Secretary Sherlock next introduced Mr. Hanrahan, who sang one of his comic songs in good style, and received a hearty encore. Miss Mamie Brennan filled the next dialect number very charmingly.

The usual recess was then taken, after which the debate was opened by Mr. John T. Keating in a very able and eloquent manner. Mr. Keating took the affirmative, and with a series of well-pointed and reasonable facts and arguments explained why he thought the control of such institutions as banks, railroads etc., ought to be in the hands of the government. He believed such a change would result in placing a more capable, competent and educated staff of men as a Board of Education over our public schools than what we now have. He cited the German Reichstag for the beneficial changes it has wrought as an illustration in favor of his argument. As to telegraphs, Mr. Keating cites many facts showing the present telegraph system to be the greatest monopoly existing, and showed the incalculable benefits to be derived by the masses of the people from a governmental telegraphic system.

The negative side was ably defended by Mr. Joseph E. Ryan, who declared that "the absolute governmental control of schools is contrary to the principles of true democracy;" and in business and commercial lines governmental control would foster and encourage monopoly by crushing out or preventing competition. "Not only would the task of assuming control of the banks, railroads etc. be an almost impossible one" said Mr. Ryan, "but it would plunge the country into a debt far in excess of that incurred by the civil war; and instead of mitigating present evils, would only tend to aggravate them."

Miss Isabel A. Gordon next spoke on the question of debate, and while not over-confident of the benefits to be derived from the national control of railroads etc., she expressed very decided and very reasonable views on the merits of an educational system conducted by the government. She dwelt on the inefficiency of the present local system, and declared that the cases are many where men are placed on the board of education who are incompetent to map out a line of study that will develop the highest instincts and most beautiful traits in the youthful intellect and mind.

Mr. Quin O'Brien next took up the argument affirmatively. He forcibly and clearly illustrated the railroad and telegraph monopolies, and the great uncertainty of banks in so many instances. "You have only," said he, "to refer back to the Pullman strike for most convincing evidence of the futility of the government and the utter helplessness of the people in such a crisis, under the present system of monopoly. Business ceased and the government almost became paralyzed with fear. Foreign stockholders could stagnate transportation here, owing to their holding a great majority of stock in American railroads."

After Mr. O'Brien had concluded, the chairman introduced Mr. James O'Flanigan who spoke briefly on the subject of debate. He expressed himself as being "surprised, embarrassed and nonplussed," and spoke on the general merits of the subject, rather than for or against it. After a short general discussion the meeting terminated.

Persons wishing to join the Lyceum can do so at any of the regular meetings, due notice of which is given in this paper. Regular monthly meetings are held at Unity hall, 77 Seventy-first street. Full information, as well as free admission tickets, furnished on application to Thomas J. Sherlock, Secretary, 194 Dearborn avenue.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

A CRY FROM PRISON.

BY ELON.

(Evoked on reading H. H. Wilson's letter from Portland prison, published in the Weekly Freeman).

There is sunshine on the meadows, and the blue clouds top the hills,
Whilst the lark's clear song is rising 'till all nature wakes and thrills,
And a blue-eyed maid is waiting, as she's waited oft before,
Just to meet the postman coming on the road to Donaghmore.

Oh, to stand there now beside her, in the sunshine or the rain,
And to feel the breath of freedom sweeping back these years of pain.
Oh, to see the shamrocks growing
And to hear the lark's clear note,
At the thought my blood is glowing
And my heart is in my throat.

I can see my darling waiting on the road to Donaghmore;
I can see her read my letter with its tale oft told before,
And her heart to mine keeps calling right here in my prison cell,
"Loved one come to love and freedom, come, love come, for all is well."

Happy vision, but 'tis ended, and the light more dully falls
Through the darkness of my prison on the thickness of its walls.
Oh, to see the shamrocks growing, etc.

Oh, the prisoned years of manhood, till one-third my life has sped,
Surely justice must be sated, surely mercy must be dead;
And my crime—dare any brand it, or himself, by such a word?
In Erin's cause and freedom's, what Irish heart could be unstirred?

Let me go whilst reason lingers, life holds something yet in store,
The hope to stand in freedom some day on the road to Donaghmore.
Oh, to see the shamrocks growing, etc.

—*Dublin Freeman.*

Spain from a Car Window.

It was fiery hot. It was noon when we reached the junction of Bobadilla, where we turned eastward toward Granada. The carriage seemed a furnace, its wood was fire to our touch, the air that came through the windows was burning. The country was scorched to a cinder; the mountains glittered in the heat; the shadeless towns quivered in a hot haze like a mirage. We lay back, panting, fanning ourselves with our hats and our guide-books. We came to baked, dust-driven stations; at each was the same cry of "Water! water!" from the women who made a living by selling it, and the people in the train who were trying to drink it. To names—Antequera, Loja, San Fernando—that earlier had thrilled us in Murray and Washington Irving we were now indefferent, as they were spluttered by the dust-choked guard. For hours the horizon was bounded by low mountains, with here and there tiny patches of snow on their upper slopes. But where were the dazzling, glowing snow-peaks of the Sierra Nevada, that loom up so magnificently in the romance of Washington Irving, and in the story of every traveler who has been to Granada? True, through the cane-brake, stifling in the torrid air, we had seen two or three low hills crowned with olive groves, planted like a map, and on the top of each something that looked like the ruins of gigantic brick-kilns or tumbled-down factories. Granada must be near, for we had passed San Fernando; but neither to the right nor to the left could we see the minarets of the Moorish city or the domes of Catholic Spain. Slower and slower went the train, and then it stopped. Every one got out, and we knew it was Granada.—"Lights and Shadows of the Alhambra," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in the June Century.

The Gaelic League.

The Chicago Gaelic League meets every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the offices of the City Clerk, first floor of City Hall Building (entrance through room 119, right opposite stairway). This society is organized solely for the instruction of Irish men and women in the fluent tongue of their ancestors, and presents an opportunity of which all Irish people should avail themselves without delay. The Gaelic League bars not religion or sect, admission and instruction by competent teachers being absolutely free to all. For information as to forming branches, or studying Gaelic individually, for books, etc., write to the secretary, Francis Nolan O'Mahony, 354 East Chicago avenue.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Two Boyish Warriors

It was only a little shepherd boy, you will remember, who delivered the Israelites from the hands of the Philistines, and saved his nation in a time of serious peril. The youth David went out alone and almost empty handed, when all the warriors of the army were afraid, and he slew the great giant Goliath of Gath, whose height, the Bible tells us, was six cubits and a span. This boy was a born fighter, for, before he slew the giant, he had killed a bear and a lion, when they tried to steal his father's sheep. But in later times, as well, there have been several young warriors who made great names for themselves, such, for instance, as Alexander, who won the battle of the Ceranicus at 22 years of age. The great Napoleon was a lieutenant of artillery before he was 18, and a young man when he commanded the armies of Italy. Think of it! at the age when our West Point cadets are graduated, this young Corsican had held an important command in the French armies, winning victories and laying the foundation of the most famous military career the world has ever seen.—"Old Heads on Young Shoulders," by Arthur Hoeber, in June St. Nicholas.

GAELIC PROSE.

Cath Cluana Tairbh.
(D'aithris ughdar éigin.)
(*Dublin Gaelic Journal.*)

(AR LEANAMHAIN)

Agus do chuir Maoleseachlainn, rí Midhe, fios dá iseal, an oidhche roimh an gcath, go righ Laighean, agus chum na Lochlannach, dá rádh leo teacht do thabhairt catha do Bhrian; de bhrig gur chuir Brian, an lá roimhe sin, a mhac Donnchadh, mar aon le trian an tsluaigh Mhuimhnigh, do ghreachadh Laighean, agus do gheall féin go dtréigfeadh Brian ag dul chum an chatha dhóibh. O'dhonnarcadar Laighnigh agus Lochlainn rí Eireann ar uathadh sluaigh, thángadar féin 'na seacht gcathaibh ro-chóirighthe 'na choinne, agus anuisn do roinneadar i dtrí cathaibh iad féin, .i. Lochlannaigh i gcath ar leith um chloinn riogh Lochlann, Laighnigh um Mhaolmórdha mac Murchadha i gcath eile, agus Gaill Atha Cliath i gcath leo féin.

Ar na fheicsint sin do Bhrian, do roinn é shluagh i dtrí cathaibh, mar do bhí Murchadh mac Bhriain go n-a theaghlach priomh-thaoiseach, seacht bhfichid mac riogh a lion, agus triocha céad dúthaigh gach duine dhíobh; Toirdhealbhach mac Mhurchadha, Tadhg, Dómhnall, Conchobhar, agus Flann, ceithre mic Bhriain, agus Donnchuan mac Cinnéide, Lonnragán, Ceilliochair, Flonghalach, agus Ionnrachtach, le maithibh Dáil g-Cais agus Tuadhmhumhan umpa, agus trí righ Teabhtha, agus Laoghagán agus Ultán, mar aon le Carnán Comaicne Mara i n-agaidh cloinne riogh Lochlann agus Sitthraigh mhic Bhruadair, rí Inse h-Orc.

Tháinig ann Clan mac Maolmhuaidh, go maithibh Deasmhumhan agus sleachta Eoghain Mhóir um Dhómhnall mac Dhuibh-dá-Bhuirc-eann, rí Cineil Laoghaire agus Ua n-Eathach. Tháinig ann rí na n-Déiseach, rí O Liathdin, agus Sgannlán mac Cathail, rí Locha Léin, Cathal O Donnabháin, rí Chairbre Aebhdha, agus Loingseach mac Dúnlaing, rí Ua g-Conaill Gabhra, agus Beothach mac Murcadhaigh, rí Ciarraighe Luachra. Tháinig ann Gilbheanach O Dubhagáin rí Fear-Muighe, agus O Cearrbhaill, rí Eile. Tháinig ann fós Cathal O Conchubhair, rí Connacht, Maolruanadh O h-Eidhin, rí Aidhne. Tadhg O Ceallaigh, rí O Maine, mar aon le maithibh Connacht. Do bhádar fós tuilleadh de rioghraidh Mhumhan lusan ghath so ag congnamh do Bhrian .i. Aodh Goineach mach Donnghaile agus Fógartach mac Dómhnaill, dá righ O g-Cuanach, agus Corc, rí Musgraighe Miothaine agus Eachtighearn mac Donnagáin, rí Ara.

NOTES—Maolseachlainn or Maoileachlainn (Mael Seachnall votary or Seachnall or St. Secundinus, whence Dun Seachnainn, Dunshaughlin), usually translated "Malachy." Still common in Clare families and in parts of Ulster in the form Lseachlain, Loughlin. O Maoiseachlainn O Loghlen, MacLoughlin, etc., the Mac being often a corruption. Mac Maoileachlainn, Mac Loughlin.

Ar uathadh sluaigh, on fewness of army, i.e., having but a small army. Uimhir uathaidh number of fewness, "singular number" in grammar.

Triocha (tridcha) céad, a cantred—30 townlands (baile) or 120 quarterlands or carucates (ceathramhad) containing each 120 Irish acres. Hence Tridcha an Aicme in Kerry, and Tridcha, Truagh, in Monaghan.

Lonnragán, whence O Lonnragáin, O Lonergan.

Ceilliochair, whence O Ceilliochair, O'Kelleher Keller.

Flonghalach, whence O Flonaghalaigh, O'Fennelly.

Ionnracntach, whence O h-Ionnrachtaigh, O Hanratty.

Maithe Dáil g-Cais, the nobles of the Dalcassians, one of the two royal races of Munster, the O'Briens, etc.

Tuadhmhumha, north Munster, Thomond—Clare and Limerick.

Teabhtha, Tefia, in Westmeath.

Conmaicne Mara, Connemara, Conmhaicne or Conmhac's race of the sea. Four other septs called Conmhaicne are given by O'Donovan in Leabhar na g-Cert.

Bruadar (given also as Luadar) a Norse name, whence Mac Bruadair—Magroder, Broderick, etc.

Deasmhumha, South Munster, Desmond.

Cineal Laoghaire, Ui Laoghaire, Iveleary, West Cork.

Deise Mumhan, in the two baronies of Decies, Co. Waterford.

Ui Liatháin, in East Cork; Caisleán Ui Liatháin, Castlelyons.

Cairbre Aebhdha, O'Donovan's country, "comprised the baronies of Coshma (cois Mágha, Maigh-side), the districts around Bruree (Brugh Riogh) and Kilmallock (Cill mo Chealloig), and the plains along the river Maigue on the west side, down to the Shannon.—O'Donovan, *Book of Rights.*

Loingseach, whence O Loingsigh, Lynch.

Dúnlaing, whence O Dúnlainge, Dowling.

Ui Chonaill Gabhra, the baronies of Connello, Co. Limerick.

Ciarraighe Luachra, North Kerry.

Gelbheanach, O Gelbheannaigh, Ganey?

O Dubhagáin, Duggan.

Fear Muighe or Fears Muighe Féine, now Criech Roisteach or Roche's country, formerly Fleming's country, and still more anciently the territory of Ui Cosima (O'Keefe) and O Dubhagáin. Mainistir Fhear Muighe—Fermoy.

Eile Ui Cheaibhaill, part of King's County and Tipperary.

Maoiruanadha, O Maoiruanadha, O Mulrooney, O'Moroney.

O h-Eidhin, Hynes. Aidhne, O'Heidhin's country, round Ardrahan, Co. Galway.

Ui Maine in South Roscommon.

Donnghal, O Donnghaile, O'Donnelly. Baile Ui Dhonnghaile, O'Donnelly's town, now Castlecaulfield, Co. Tyrone. The ending ghaile is now pronounced as is -aolie, O Fearghaile, O'Farrell, Farrelly, O Conghaile, O'Conneely, Connelly, etc.

Fogartach, whence O Fogartaigh, O'Fegarty.

(LEANTAR DE SEO.)

This Person Made Money.

Dear Sir—I take my pen in hand to tell you what I did in the Dishwashing business. This spring I saw a Dishwasher advertised and sent and got one. A. B. Dawson, Columbus, Ohio, said he would exchange my dishwasher for the Queen if I would put it in my kitchen and show my neighbors how it washed dirty dishes, vegetables, silverware and clothing in one minute without putting my hands in the water. They all saw it was the best machine and I sold three the same day. The whole neighborhood is worked up over the success of the Queen, and I want any of your readers who have not made a success in the Dishwasher business to know what I have done. I can make easy $21 a week, $84 a month, for five years to come with the Queen, as everybody wants one. My sister got a sample Queen, free, and she is doing as good as I have. Mr. Dawson referred me to the Cardington bank, the Mt. Gilead bank and the Quaker City bank, which shows he is responsible. Anyone who wants to make money should write to the address as above.

"Irish-American Patriots in the Early Wars and Politics of Our Country," by Rev. Joseph A. Pompeney, D.D., is a booklet that will delight, instruct and refresh you. Send 10 cents in silver for it to THOMAS J. CASEY, Publisher, 1427 Oak street, Kansas City, Mo.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

St. Vincent's Infant Asylum.

On Monday afternoon and evening the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent's Infant Asylum gave a strawberry festival at the asylum, corner of La Salle avenue and Superior street. In the afternoon the children gave an entertainment, kindergarten exercises, etc. In the evening a very interesting program will be presented. Mrs. Louise Brehany and Mrs. Francesca Guthrie Moyer sang some popular songs. A double quartet, composed of Banks Cregier, Charles d'Almaine, first violins; A. Kleist, A. Osborn, second violins; J. Meyroos, C. Manderle, violas; Paul Schoesling, 'cello; W. Pelage, basso, rendered selections of the latest music. John Burk, the talented comedian of Dave Henderson's great spectacular extravaganzas, sang a few songs, which gave great satisfaction. Barney Fagan, the world's greatest dancer, sang a song of his own composition. J. H. Richmond delivered a few comic recitations, making a very strong programme. The entertainment was under the direction of Daniel O'Leary.

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CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN R'Y.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

This is the holy missal Shakespeare wrote
For friends to ponder when they grieve alone.
Within these collects his great heart would note
Its joy and fear, its ecstasy and moan.
Our strength and weakness each was felt by him;
He yearned and shrank, rejoiced and hoped and bled,
Nor ever will his sacred song be dim,
Though he himself, the friend of friends, is dead.
Then, on sad evenings when you think of me,
Or when the morn seems blithe, yet I not near,
Open this book and read, and I shall be
The meter murmuring at your bended ear.
I cannot write my love with Shakespeare's art,
But the same burden weighs upon my heart.
—Edmund Gosse in "Russet and Silver."

A STORY OF A DUEL.

Let me write down another of my grandmother's tales as she related it to me. It is not betraying her confidence in me to do so now after these long years. Again it is my grandmother who speaks:

Doubtless thou dost wonder why it is that I so seldom speak of my mother—so seldom even mention her in my talks with thee. The reason is that she had no part in the life that was led around her. She was of a modest, retiring spirit, quite overshadowed by the masterful nature of my father. So gentle and quiet was she that no one—least of all I—properly valued her worth until she slipped out of our lives. My father openly despised her, though he had married her for love. I think he blamed her because she had never borne him a son to take his name.

There is a romance connected with her marriage to my father such as the women of nowadays could scarcely comprehend. I could never learn the details, but only hints of the story. It seems that she, while quite a young girl, became enamored of a young man named Langley, who returned her love, but on account of his poverty they were not to be betrothed until he could properly provide for her, and he went away to seek his fortune. During his absence my mother's father fell ill, and, not being able to attend to his business, his family were brought face to face with want. About this time my father—young, rich, handsome—offered marriage. My mother, however, declined his suit. The time went on, and the stress of poverty was felt in my mother's home. Her father was slowly dying for want of proper treatment, and when my father renewed his offer it was accepted.

For some years my mother was happy, I believe. She was allowed to maintain her parents, and she had her children, my sister and myself, but by degrees my father's passion for her grew cold. Then Mr. Langley returned to the neighborhood, not with a fortune, indeed, but with some little money. My father most unjustly became suspicious of my mother and would no longer allow her the control of any money, even forbidding her to visit her father's house. Now comes the most touching part of the story. My mother's parents, deprived of the support rendered them by my father, sank into poverty. When he discovered their condition, Mr. Langley took them into his own home and adopted them for his own parents, maintaining them in comfort until they died, after which he again left the neighborhood.

My mother accepted her lot with resignation. I used to think, when I was young, that she showed a lack of proper pride in thus bowing to my father's will, but now I think she was moved by true piety. She understood my father's nature better than I did. She knew the impossibility of making him change his course of action by entreaties. She knew that to have reproached him for his ungenerous action would not make him repent of it, but would have widened the breach between them, so she bent before the storm and controled her heart by unceasing prayer.

The beauty of my mother's nature has been revealed to me by reading her journal, which she gave to me, wherein are set out the doings of each day, together with her thoughts thereon. It is a beautiful volume, and thou mayest well contrast it with my own poor journal, which thou shalt have ere long.

I will read one entry, made about three years after my sister's marriage, of which I have told thee, which shall serve for a text for a story. It runs thus: "This day a duel was fought between Mr. Spencer and Mr. Wallingford. 'Tis said they quarreled over a play at cards, but I fear that Theodora was the cause, which God forbid!" Then followed some of the details of the encounter and my mother's thoughts upon the subject. I have read this much to show that, though my mother took no part in what was going on around her, she yet observed closely enough to be able to see below the surface and read the hidden workings of the hearts of others.

I will first describe the principals in this affair, beginning with him who proved himself the hero of it. Mr. Spencer was a gentleman of the neighborhood—a short, slight man, with reddish hair and somewhat prominent blue eyes. He was distantly related to the famous English General Wolfe, whom he a little resembled in appearance, of which fact he was very vain and did what he could in the matter of dress to heighten the likeness. Personally he was a most agreeable gentleman and possessed of considerable talent. He would often entertain the company with recitations from the poets, but his favorite piece was a description of the death of the hero of Quebec, since become historic. This piece he would deliver with dramatic effect whenever called upon to do so, until one occasion, of which I will tell thee, after which he could never be induced to recite it.

A party was gathered at the house of a Mr. Triver, and Mr. Spencer, being called upon to entertain the guests, commenced his favorite piece. He had nearly reached the end; the heights of Abraham were scaled; General Wolfe lay dying on the ground; the last words were waited for in breathless silence. Mr. Spencer described the advent of a messenger: "They run! They run!" cried the messenger. "Who run?" asked the dying general. "Three blind mice!" interrupted a voice in the company. The uproar which followed this sally prevented the continuance of the piece. Mr. Spencer took his seat, with a flush of anger on his cheeks. He was often made the butt of a joke and usually took it good naturedly, but this insult was more than his pride could brook. In vain our host entreated him to proceed. He would not be moved.

It was Mr. Marriott, an inveterate joker, who caused the interruption, and it was thought that Mr. Spencer would demand satisfaction, but, on the contrary, Mr. Marriott, advancing with a sincere apology, Mr. Spencer accepted it generously, and they two became the firmest friends.

Mr. Wallingford, the other party to the duel, was in all respects the opposite of Mr. Spencer. He was an Englishman—a tall, heavy man, with dark beetling brows and loud, arrogant voice, handsome in the manner that a mountain bull is handsome, from the appearance of great strength and courage. I describe him to thee as he really was, not as my youthful fancy saw him, for I thought him a god, in my heart, and would have married him, perhaps, except for the manner of his wooing. He was remarkable in several ways. He was the only one of all the men who paid court to me to marry before I did, for which I owe him a grudge. He was also the only man against whom my mother warned me, though her warning was of little avail to me. There is a heavy responsibility, my child, upon a parent in the matter of choosing a suitable husband for a daughter. A young girl cannot know her own heart—but why dost thou smile? Is it because I, who eloped from my father's house with the son of my father's enemy, have no right to speak upon that text? Well! I will spare thee the rest of the lectures Miss Prue, seeing that thou hast taken the man I chose for thee.

Mr. Wallingford had arrived in this country after peace was concluded with England, and, though an Englishman, he was more enthusiastic about "free America" than we who had fought for independence. He was not possessed of any estate, but received or pretended to receive remittances from England.

Well! Both these gentlemen were, of course, my lovers. Mr. Spencer was the first in the field, in point of time, though I never entertained a serious thought for him until after the duel, while, as I said, I came near marrying the other. Mr. Spencer's wooing was like himself, a delicate compliment or a few lines of poetry was all that he ever permitted himself. I wish I had kept some of the verses he wrote me now for a memento, but I foolishly destroyed them, and cannot remember any, except that he made my name, Theodora, rhyme with "I adore her"—a very popular couplet with my poetic admirers. He was my devoted slave, which was the greatest fault I found in him, for my heart was seeking a master, not a slave, and so, when he summoned up courage enough to lay his heart and hand at my feet, I had no compunction whatever in telling him he might not hope.

He bore his disappointment bravely, and we continued to be good friends, for which I was glad, for he was an intimate friend of the Saxbys. I pretended to twit him concerning his Quaker friends, and he never failed to respond to my raillery by telling of some good action done by one or other of them. I listened eagerly to these stories, for I was deeply interested in the genial looking elderly gentleman, and no less in his handsome silent son, who was to become my husband, but from whom I could neither entice nor provoke a glance of admiration.

Mr. Wallingford, on the other hand, usually treated me as a child, except when he and I were apart from the others, when he would sink his voice into a rapturous whisper in addressing me. He hovered about me for three months before declaring himself, but I could see that his policy was to warn off other admirers, gradually taking the position of my sole cavalier.

He chose an evening when a few guests were informally gathered at my father's house to unmask himself. After supper he and I wandered into my mother's private sitting room under some pretext or another, I being nothing loath to give him the opportunity to make love to me.

"How hard it is," said he when we were alone, "to have a word with you."

"I think you say a good many words to me," I replied, with a smile.

We were standing, and I permitted him to lead me to a sofa, upon which he sat down also, next to me. He still retained my hand, and I waited, with downcast eyes, for the declaration I expected. I sat a few moments in silence, to give him time to collect his thoughts, for I had received many declarations, and was calm, while this might be his first attempt I thought.

"I am glad to see you now," he went on. "I would rather see you in your grave than not at all!"

The selfishness of his words struck me, and I looked up to meet his eyes fixed upon me with a burning light in them. I grew uncomfortable under his gaze and tried to withdraw my hand, but he would not let it go. Instead, he clasped me round the waist and tried to kiss me. I was now quite agitated. I had no brother to chastise his rudeness, and I knew that my father would only laugh at me if I complained to him. At this moment I heard a step in the passage.

"Unhand me, sir!" I cried aloud, struggling to free myself.

A figure appeared in the doorway. I was disappointed to see that it was Mr. Spencer, the last champion I would have chosen. Mr. Wallingford released me at once and turned angrily to the intruder.

"Why this interruption, sir?" he asked, not trying to conceal his passion.

"They are making up a party at cards," replied Mr. Spencer. "Will you take a hand?"

I had risen, and now slipped out of the room, but paused at the door to listen. "You came here to dog me!" cried Mr. Wallingford.

"Let us go and play cards," replied Mr. Spencer. "We can easily find cause for quarrel in our play—if you play as you played last night, when you won so heavily from young Sutton."

The last words were uttered clearly and deliberately. It was the deadliest insult that could be offered in those days, short of calling a man a coward, to accuse him of cheating at cards. I waited with bated breath for the answer.

"I will break every bone in your body for this," roared Mr. Wallingford. There was bullying swagger in his tone, not the righteous indignation of an innocent man wrongfully accused.

"Mr. Marriott will receive any message you send," replied Mr. Spencer.

"He shall have it," cried Mr. Wallingford, "without delay. I have long wanted to smash you!"

"You are perhaps stronger than I," returned Mr. Spencer, "yet the battle is not always to the stronger, especially when the weapons are pistols, with ten paces between. Now let us join the others. Will you precede me?"

Upon hearing these words I fled away to my own room, and passed the night in an agony of tears and self reproach. I knew that nothing now could prevent the meeting. I dared not tell any one that I knew about it, or else the whole story would come out, and, moreover, I had discovered that my idol was not gold, nor even brass, but clay of the basest kind.

The meeting was arranged for the following morning. The details soon became common gossip. Two seconds were present on each side, besides a surgeon, in case of accident. It seemed a foregone conclusion that Mr. Spencer would lose his life, for he was not credited with much courage, and he was a most indifferent marksman. Mr. Spencer and his friends were first on the field, followed soon after by the opposite party. Mr. Wallingford looked pale, but walked with his accustomed swagger, until he happened to meet his opponent's eye, when he seemed to cower.

The preliminary arrangements were soon made, the men stood opposite each other, and at the word both fired together. Mr. Spencer remained standing, but Mr. Wallingford was seen to stagger and fall upon his face. All the spectators crowded round the prostrate man, and the surgeon turned him over to discover the wound, but could find none. Presently Mr. Wallingford opened his eyes, and they asked him where he was hurt. He looked puzzled for a moment, then muttering, "I am not hurt," he got up, and walked off the field alone. His coward heart had failed him before the calm courage of his opponent.

Not many days afterward Mr. Wallingford found business to take him away from the neighborhood. We heard, some months afterward, that he was married to a wealthy widow in Boston, but we never saw him in our part of the country again.

Mr. Spencer was, of course, the hero of the hour, lionized and honored by every one. If he had chosen, he could have had the pick of the belles of the country, even myself, if he had asked me again. Thou wilt not betray my confidence? I have told thee things that even my locked journal does not know. I have lived heart to heart with my husband for over 50 years, and know his every thought, but yet there are some little things with which I have not thought fit to trouble him. This was the only duel fought for me. It is dreadful, even now, to reflect that two men took their lives in their hands for my sake. If either had died, I think I would have entered a convent, to spend the rest of my days in prayer.

Mr. Spencer and I remained good friends until his departure for the south, which journey he took in the spring following the duel. His chivalrous soul would not allow him to profit by the advantage he had gained by his display of bravery. Instead of renewing his suit to me he treated me as a brother, nor could I desire a dearer brother than himself. He perceived that I was interested in the Saxbys, and usually led our talk to his friends.

He told me a curious legend about them, which I will repeat. It seems that the Saxbys had been Quakers ever since the sect was first established, always intermarrying with Quakers. For a number of generations there had only been one son in each generation to take the name. Daughters had been born, but only one son. The legend, Mr. Spencer told me, was that a witch had put a curse upon the family, to the effect that the male line should never wax greater, and that the family would die out for want of an heir to take the name if ever a Saxby married any but a Quaker. Mr. Spencer says it is a coincidence, and the coincidence has given rise to the legend, and my husband says it is the will of God, but I—these witches have strange powers, and I have never had a son!

* * * * * *

My grandmother ceased speaking, then appeared to listen, while a pretty color mounted to her cheek. "He is coming!" she murmured. "He must not see my cap awry!" so saying she stepped to a mirror to adjust the cap of lace and ribbons which she wore, one of the "vanities" she affected to despise, yet loved so dearly.

"If I had become a Quaker," she continued, touching with deft fingers the soft white curls upon her forehead, "I must have given up these gay colors, and this cherry red ribbon becomes me!"

I now heard my grandfather's step approach, and soon his tall form stood in the door. My grandparents advanced to meet each other with outstretched hands, to exchange the kiss without which they never met or parted even for the shortest interval, and so they stood, smiling into each other's eyes—lovers still.—Fred Stamper in New York Evening Post.

FIRST SHIP TO JAPAN

THE WILMINGTON SAILED FROM NEW LONDON IN 1855.

The Yankee Received the Marble Heart at Hikdata, but the Owners of the Ship Got a Big Sum From the Japanese Government For Violation of Treaty.

In the early fifties, shortly after the first treaty was made between the United States and Japan, a little group of New Londoners got together and secretly planned a trading voyage to that far-off and at that time almost unknown land. The pros and cons were carefully discussed, and the verdict, which was unanimous, can be best expressed in the language of Colonel Sellers, "There's millions in it."

Accordingly the topsail schooner Wilmington was secured, and clothing and provisions bought and loaded aboard the little craft that lay impatiently waiting to be off.

Every detail finished, the hawser was cast off on the 23d of January, 1855, and the Wilmington, with a saucy little toss of stern, stood out toward the race. The Wilmington was owned by Thomas Fitch, Captain William Brown and George Fitch, all of this city, and was officered as follows: William Brown, captain; Thomas Gager, first mate, and George Fitch, second mate. In addition to these were a cook, a colored steward and four able seamen.

Fairly clear from the harbor, the course was laid for Cape Town, and she made the run in 53 days, remarkably good running for any craft. But for this little schooner the run was considered marvelous.

The rest of the story is best told by George G. Fitch. He said: "We ran into Cape Town and traded for about two weeks or ten days, and had fair success. Then we ran up to Ange point, on the island of Java, and traded at the Dutch settlements for a week or so, and from there we ran up to Batavia, which was quite a large city, and did very well there. After laying there for a short time, as long as the natives would trade, we sailed for Hongkong.

"The Malays were very friendly to us, though there were lots of pirates all around there, but they never molested us. We watched them pretty closely, and I guess maybe that had as much to do with it as anything else.

"We had intended to stop at the islands of Borneo, but we heard of an English bark that had been there but a short time before and had all hands murdered.

"We gave that place the go by and went on up to Hongkong, as I before stated. We ran into the last port leaking, and discharged cargo for repairs. After we finished repairs, we reloaded what we had not sold of our cargo, and started for our objective point, as originally planned. That was Hikdata, Japan. We ran into the harbor about midday, and were immediately boarded by a lot of Japanese officers, gesticulating wildly and swinging their arms like so many crazy people.

"After awhile and after a mighty bad lot of pigeon English had been spoken we began to understand what they wanted. They were forbidding us to land, and all around were lots of Japanese in boats, and as they looked anything but pleasant we took up our anchor and cruised back down to Shanghai, China.

"The action of the Japanese was entirely unlooked for on our part, as a trading treaty had just been made between them and our government, and their refusal to allow us to land seriously interfered with our plans and caused us a great loss of money. I don't know as you know it, but ours was the first American ship to enter a Japanese port for trading purposes. At Shanghai we discharged our cargo and got the most we could for it and then chartered our vessel for $1,200 a month to the English government for cruising purposes.

"Captain Brown entered a protest against the actions of the Japanese authorities, and the officers and crew scattered and worked their different ways back to New London the best they could. A short while after the English had the Wilmington, she was caught in a typhoon in the China seas and torn up badly. She was run back into port, repaired and finally sold to pay the bill for the same.

"Later the owners of the Wilmington received from the Japan government a sum between $30,000 and $40,000 for nonfulfillment of treaty. The voyage to Japan was first planned and mapped out by Captain William Brown, who was an old whaling captain and had been all through the China seas It was a failure, and we all lost a great deal of money. We didn't get the money from the Japan government until three or four years ago.

"It was paid to us through Richard Latimer of Hartford, who also has a summer house over on the other side of the river."

Mr. Fitch is the only living member of that memorable voyage left, and may be seen at almost any time drumming up his hacking business at the Union depot, as hale and hearty as when he left these shores to seek his fortune.—New London Day.

Baron de Hirsch's Death.

Baron de Hirsch died in a fit of anger at having been swindled, according to the Hungarian Deputy de Pazmandy, writing to Le Figaro. He had sold his beautiful property at St. Johann on the March on account of its dampness and bought the Ogyaka place near Komorn with the idea of turning it into a children's hospital. After spending $400,000 on the palace without having seen it, he discovered that it was in a bog at the confluence of four rivers.

Almost Malignant.

M. D.—This is queer. Have you taken anything that disagreed with you?

The Patient—Nothing but your advice of yesterday.—Harlem Life.

MR. DEPEW'S PRIVATE CAR.

No Frills Outside and No End of Comfort and Elegance In the Interior.

A glance into Chauncey M. Depew's private traveling car shows that the railroad magnate lives in comfort and elegance while on the road. Something like $40,000 was expended in making this palace on wheels one of the best specimens of the car builder's art possible. Mr. Depew takes his annual tours over the railroad systems of the country in this car, and recently he traveled about 10,000 miles, going twice across the continent, and when the car was turned over to the inspectors at the end of the journey for an overhauling not a nut or screw was found loose or out of order, and all that was necessary to prepare the car for another journey was to sweep and dust it.

Mr. Depew is not a great lover of glitter and tinsel, and hence the exterior of his car is not particularly attractive. When he travels, he doesn't care to have the people of wayside stations where he may chance to stop flocking about and staring in at the windows to see what great man has come to town, and so the exterior of the car presents about the same appearance as other palace cars of the Wagner company. One has to explore the interior to find luxury, comfort and elegance.

The car is 74 feet long, and is fitted with Westinghouse airbrakes, a whistle signal service to the engineer, steam heat and an instrument which records the speed of the car. The indicator has often registered 85 miles an hour.

At the rear of the car is the observatory section. It is a small room, luxuriously upholstered and furnished with easy chairs done in heavy plush. Large windows on the sides and rear give a complete view of the passing scenery. Next in order come the staterooms. These, in reality, are bedrooms, they are so large and commodious. They are three in number and contain full sized beds. Mr. Depew never sleeps in a berth when traveling, and the room he occupies would almost swallow two of the cubby holes called rooms in some New York flats. Each room is supplied with hot and cold water and electric call bells. The draperies and decorations are fit for a Fifth avenue house.

A narrow hallway runs along the front of these bedrooms and leads to the main saloon. This is also the dining room. It is about 15 feet long and the width of the car. The woodwork is solid mahogany throughout. An immense French plate pier glass at the end of the saloon gives the compartment the appearance of being much larger than it really is. The windows are double to keep out the dust. In one corner, by the great mirror, is a secretary, supplied with stationery and telegraph blanks, and above it is a compartment for books. This holds railroad manuals, reports of the interstate commerce and the state railroad commissions, and other books of that character for the convenience of Mr. Depew. The windows are hung with heavy silk curtains, and the easy chairs are of plush and velvet. Around the center table from four to six persons may dine in comfort.

Next to the main saloon is a small section room with berths for use in emergencies, and then comes the porter's room, which is as well furnished almost as a stateroom in the average sleeping car. Beyond are the kitchen and pantry, where Mr. Depew's own cook prepares all his meals while traveling. The kitchen is supplied with all the appurtenances necessary to a model kitchen. —New York Sun.

A Russian Blizzard.

The hurricane blasts battered us, the icy cold benumbed us, ill clad, ill shod, fasting, altogether unprepared for such a storm. The sharp, fiercely driven snow points pained and almost blinded us, the prolonged trudge exhausted us, worn out by toil, constantly falling into drifts from which we each time rose with increasing difficulty. The frequent stoppages when, in pitch darkness, we attempted with frozen hands to adjust the harness still more benumbed us. Then, again, the poor Russian peasants with us kept loudly bemoaning their fate, saying we should all be dead before morning. They would try to lag behind, and wanted to give in, lie down and pray.

We English, while equally knowing that it was an occasion for prayer, thought we should be more worthy of having our prayers answered if we used for our preservation such powers, mental and physical, as had been granted to us. There may, indeed, have been moments when the evil temptation also came to some of us to abandon the struggle; and here I must admit that the one among us who by his cheeriness, calm courage, aid to the falling and fertility of resource most inspired us with hope when we began to despond, and to whose guidance we mainly owed our lives, had a large admixture of Polish blood in his veins. Even he, however, admitted, when we were safe, that his only hope throughout had been that we were by chance going in the right direction.

The constant hand to hand struggles with our horses, which literally cowered before the blasts, endeavoring to avoid them by turning round, probably were beneficial, as tending to keep up our circulation.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Pullman Car Names.

George M. Pullman denies the pretty fairy story about his daughter, who was said to give names to all the Pullman palace cars and draw a salary of $10,000 therefor. To a Pittsburg reporter he said the other day: "My daughter never named a car that I know of, and most certainly did not draw the $10,000 salary. I have named several cars, but was never paid for my services. The cars are named in the office. It was a pretty story lacking only the little feature of truth." Mr. Pullman's own private car has been his traveling home for 20 years, and every president since Lincoln has ridden in it.

Amicable Relations Resumed.

A young man in San Francisco and a young lady in San Jose were for a time very much in love with each other, and during that period each wrote the other a two pound letter every day weighted down to the limit with kisses and expressions of love. But they quarreled a couple of weeks ago.

"Send back my letters," she wrote.

"Return mine first," he replied.

"If you had been a gentleman, you would not have waited for me to demand their return," wrote she.

"Ethics for the use of women only don't go," he responded.

Then there came a pause in their correspondence. The young man wanted his letters very badly, for he knew he had made a fool of himself in every line of every letter. The young lady wanted hers because any one would think she was crazy to fall in love with such a brute.

"Send my letters on April 5, and I'll send yours the same date, so we will both get them at the same time," wrote he.

"All right," she answered.

Each waited to see if the other would really act in good faith and send the letters, so neither received them.

"A man who has so little regard for his word," etc., wrote she.

"A woman who would deliberately attempt such a confidence game," etc., responded he.

There was another pause in the correspondence, during which both tried to devise some way of effecting an exchange. The idea of a third party occurred to both, but was abandoned. The intermediary might read the letters. Finally the young man decided to go after them. He effected the exchange, and now the correspondence has been resumed.

"You know, dear little sweetheart, that I was just teasing you," wrote he.

"You horrid boy, to treat me so. I have a notion never to love you again," answered she, and there will soon be another stack of two pound letters to exchange.—San Francisco Post.

Glimmerings of a Future Life.

It is easy to suppose circumstances which would produce the conviction in all rational human beings that there is a "future life," between which and ours there is intercommunication. Let us take as a type a form of "apparition" that is visible and vocally audible, but not tangible, that cannot produce changes in ordinary physical objects, that cannot be photographed, whose audibility and visibility, whether telepathic or not, are at least not dependent on our present normal senses.

Let us now suppose that immediately after death such an apparition of the deceased was invariably seen and heard; that it affirmed itself to be the deceased; that it exhibited such knowledge as the deceased possessed while inhabiting the ordinary organism, and so on; that it affirmed itself to be still "living" under very different conditions, most of which were alleged to be inexplicable to us in terms of our present environment. Let us suppose that arrangements for meetings could be made with the apparition; that the apparition, except perhaps for its occasional disappearance for hours or days, explained by the necessity of fulfilling certain duties in its new sphere, behaved in general, as regards recognition by living persons and its rational and social relations with them, much as an ordinary living person does, the main exception being that he is not embodied like us. Were the case like this, I make no doubt whatever that the human race would be possessed by a belief in the survival after death, which would be regarded as barely less certain than the belief in their present embodied existence.—Professor Richard Hodgson in Forum.

Grant's Offer to General Pickett.

We all criticised Grant for that drastic war measure of his by which he discontinued the exchange of prisoners, but he certainly behaved very handsomely to Lee and Lee's troops at Appomattox. And when he became president he was kind in giving places to ex-Confederates. Longstreet himself profited by Grant's friendship in that way. Grant offered to make General Pickett a United States marshal for one of the Virginia districts, but Pickett declined the office, telling Grant that as popular as Grant was with the people, he (Grant) could not afford to make such an appointment. This was as much to say that Pickett could not change his affiliations, and that for him not to do so would be to injure Grant in the view of the northern public. President Davis spoke very kindly indeed of General Grant in a letter published about the time of Grant's death. Indeed, Grant stands far higher in the estimation of southern veterans than any other general of the war on the northern side.—Richmond Dispatch.

Aping Things American.

Human nature is imitative, and in all countries prone to ape customs and things foreign. An American writer in London declares that Americans are no more given to aping things English than are Englishmen to aping things American. This writer recently found a London swell strutting in one of the parks with an American corncob pipe in his mouth. It was soon all the rage, and the smoke of this cheap American article has probably gone up in many a fashionable club. One of these swells, being reminded that corncobs were smoked by common folks in America, replied satirically, "But, then, 'tis American, doncher know!" Smoking American cigarettes has also become a swell fad in England, and if one is fishing for a "Thanks, most awfully, my dear fellow," he has to but offer one to an English snob, with the supplementary remark, "What delicious 'baccy!" thrown in.—Boston Globe.

Has Some Idea of It.

"Can you grasp the idea of eternity?"

"Almost. I loaned a fellow $10 for three days and he's had it for seven years!"—Chicago Record.

ROBIN IN THE RAIN.

Listen to that soaring strain!
It is robin in the rain,
Sitting there aloft, aloft,
Underneath his leafy roof,
Pouring from his throbbing throat
Note upon ecstatic note,
Rapture in the swift refrain—
Robin in the rain!

Hearken to the song he sings,
Tiny chorister with wings!
"After all the grief and gloom
Brighter blue the skies will bloom;
After all the cloudy woe
Earth with gladder gold will glow;
Joy will triumph over pain"—
Robin in the rain!

Clinton Scollard in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ONE SPORTSMAN'S AMBITION.

It Is to Hunt In the Undiscovered Patches Along America's Coast.

"I'll tell you what I would like to do," said a man whose life is spent roving about from city to lumber camp and from park to forest. "I would like to own a schooner fit to weather any gale on the seas and travel in it up and down the American coast from Labrador to Cape Horn and north again to Bering strait. There's a whole lot of odd places one could visit seldom or never heard of.

"Take it about Cape Hatteras. Now, what do you know about the mainland alongshore there? What can you tell of the people in the swamps there and of the game these people find in the woods? It's so little, you have to guess at it. Then there is a whole lot of the gulf of Mexico's shore line, not to mention the islands and lands south of there. Why, only the other day I heard of a tribe of Indians on some islands somewhere down that way that buy buckshot to kill deer with and poor shotguns, using only a dram of powder for a charge. Just think what sport a fellow with a good rifle would have among them—if they'd let him. What is more, they pay for what they buy with pure gold, and if ever a white man visited them he did not come back to tell about it, nor will the Indians say where they got their stuff.

"When you come to think about it, the sportsman nosing about in these out of the way places could get more game and curiosities than he could get out of Blue Mountain park or from any other of the big preserves.

"I hope to make just such a trip some time. I'll take a 45-90, a 10 gauge, a 20 gauge and a target pistol, with stacks of fishing tackle of all kinds and no end of ammunition. The specimens I will gather will pay for the trip, as I shall go along prepared to skin and dry anything from a tapir to a crocodile, from a condor to a beetle, not to mention snakes and other things."—New York Sun.

Tree Climbing Rabbits.

The London Field has an item that is likely to call out a discussion among English correspondents of that paper. A man writes that "when shooting with a friend in Banffshire last December my friend called out, 'There's a rabbit up a tree!' Sure enough one was there at least ten feet from the ground. The tree was an upright fir, and the man had seen the rabbit run up the smooth bark as easily as a squirrel. The rabbit stopped on the first branch to look down.

What is more, "there is a lot of blown timber in the wood, and I suppose the rabbits have got accustomed to climbing on it, for I have often seen them jump on to a root and run up the slanting trunk till they were sometimes 15 feet from the ground," which must have been a dizzy height for an animal of such ground habits.

Corroborative letters will probably come in, and rabbits will have an established reputation as climbers. It is said that in Australia the imported rabbits have begun to develop hooked claws, with the aid of which they are able to climb the rabbit proof fences.

A large number of animals with habits acquired because of environment have been noted from time to time—foxes that climb trees, rats that are beasts of prey, birds that build nests adapted to certain conditions, and so on indefinitely.

Her Dilemma.

They met at the linen counter, and the girl in blue looked so sadly perplexed that the girl in brown said sympathetically:

"Why, May, what is the matter? You look so miserable."

"I'm bothered," acknowledged May. "You see, Rudolph and I quarreled bitterly last night. And to save my life I can't make up my mind whether to go on buying household linens in expectation of a reconciliation or to buy me an organdie to begin a new campaign."

"It is bothering," agreed the girl in brown. "Ah! We women have so many hard problems to solve!"—New York Journal.

Her Hope.

"This X ray is doing wonders for mankind," he remarked.

"Yes," his wife replied. "It has done lots for mankind. Maybe it'll be developed in the course of time to where it will enable womankind to see whether her hat is on straight or not without looking in the glass."—Washington Star.

Ancient Timber.

Probably the oldest timber in the world is found in the ancient temples of Egypt in connection with stone work which is known to be at least 4,000 years old. This, the only wood used in the construction of the temples, is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stem to another.

"The dog watch," a term used by sailors, was once the dodge watch, a short watch being introduced between those longer in duration in order that too great an amount of work should not be put upon the same men in the course of the day.

The biggest and best marked mocking birds are found within a belt of 50 miles north and 50 miles south of San Antonio.

THOUGHT IT WAS A "PIANO TALK."

An Abstracted Clerk Who Got Into Trouble With an Inquisitive Guest.

An absentminded clerk and an inquisitive guest managed to get tangled up in an argument at the Waldorf that almost led to blows. Both were perfectly innocent in the matter, but enough ill feeling was engendered to justify an international dispute. The Waldorf has on the first floor a reception room and parlor. This is utilized for all kinds of entertainments. One day an art sale is held there, the next a display of fancy work, perhaps a musicale the next, and so on. One afternoon a musical programme was given in this reception room and that was what caused all the trouble. The door leading to the room, which is usually open to all, was watched by an attendant who demanded cards. This aroused the curiosity of the inquisitive guest. He walked around the corridor eying the room from every possible point of vantage, and then walked up to the desk and said to the clerk, who was writing in a huge ledger:

"What's going on in there?"

The clerk jabbed his pen in the inkstand and replied tersely, "I guess it's a bird recital."

Then he continued his writing with never a quiver of an eyelash. The inquisitive guest contracted his eyebrows; then he looked for a lurking gleam of amusement in the clerk's eye, but found none. Then he turned and wandered into the cafe to think over the problem. After due deliberation he came to the conclusion that it was not all straight, and he came back. He expected to see the clerk give some sign of amusement when he approached the desk, but instead the man behind the onyx was immersed more deeply than ever in the big book. The guest repeated his question, saying:

"What did you say was going on in that room?"

The clerk never raised his eyebrows, but muttered something about "four and seven make eleven and"—adding hurriedly:

"I don't know, but I think it's a piano talk."

The mystery was deepening; the inquisitive man saw no way out of the difficulty except to go and see for himself. He could detect nothing in the clerk's manner that warranted him in believing that he was being made the butt of a joke, but he was confident that it was not all straight. So he walked up and purchased a ticket and went inside. In a few moments he came out, and he had a look of set determination upon his face. He walked up to the desk and in a rough voice he demanded:

"What did you say was going on in that room?"

The clerk was startled at the gruff tone and looked up from his book. He saw that the man was angry clear through, and he wondered at his persistency in asking about the entertainment. He said quietly:

"I said I was not sure, but I thought it was a piano recital."

"No, you didn't," thundered the inquisitive man.

"What did I say?" asked the clerk meekly.

"You said first it was a bird recital," said the man. "And then you said it was a piano talk, and now you say it's a piano recital. I am not in the habit of being guyed, and you knew what it was all the time, for you told me straight enough when you knew I had found out. I paid $2 just to find out what was going on in that hole, so I could catch you straight. You are altogether too recent for this place. I don't"— The guest might have gone on talking indefinitely had not the clerk apologized in a most penitent manner. He said contritely:

"Well, you see it is this way. We have bird talks, piano recitals, musicales, picture exhibitions and I don't know how many other kinds of affairs in there. I was busy with the books and I got tangled up. I did not mean to mislead you." The guest was mollified, but he is not sure yet that he was not being "jollied," to use his own expression.—New York Tribune.

The Biographer.

The biographer is bound to supply all the facts that effectually distinguish one man's characteristics and exploits from those of his neighbor, and while the normal development of devotional sentiment or domestic virtue is in this connection immaterial any departure from the normal development demands examination. Deviations from religious orthodoxy present no special difficulties, but much discretion in dealing with a life's moral disfigurement is enjoined on the national biographer. The smallness of the scale on which he works requires him to preserve a very just proportion between the various parts of his memoir, and he must give no more space to man's lapses from virtue than their effect on his achievement justifies. Breaches of conventional morality consequently often sink into insignificance in national biography and merit no notice at all. But whenever the lapses from public or private duty are notorious or chronic the biographer's duty is plain. He has frankly to describe them.

The marital adventures of Byron, Nelson or Parnell, Coleridge's indulgence in opium, Porson's indulgence in drink, the crimes that have occasionally blackened the exploits of great explorers, are not only legitimate—they are essential topics in national biography. For the biographer to suppress them is to fail in a primary obligation. He must of course so handle such matters as to give as little pain as possible to friends or relatives who may be injured by the recital. The evidence must be conclusive, and should be briefly summed up with all the sobriety of a judge.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Compromise.

"I am willing to give up eating pie with a knife," said the fond father to his solicitous daughter, "if I may also give up signing checks with a pen. Is it a go?"

It went not.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Mother of Pearl House.

Odd habitations are to be found all over California. Sometimes there is a good reason for them being odd, but often it is the result of some crank idea. On the beach near Cypres point, in Monterey county, there is one that cannot come under the first head and hardly under the last.

The residence belongs to a Chinese fisherman and is part natural and part the work of his own hands. The natural portion of the house is a small cave in one of the many rocks that stick up all over the beach. The other part is a sort of wooden shed which has been built in front of this opening. The lumber used is of the roughest kind, but the esthetic Chinaman overcame this objection by covering the whole outside with abalone shells, the hollow side being turned out.

The Chinaman evidently did that many years ago, when the shells were plentiful and had scarcely any market value. Every shell used has been destroyed, as one or more nails have been driven through them according to their size. Some of the shells are magnificent in color and enormous in size. There is one at least 15 inches in diameter, and a duplicate in good condition could not be bought in San Francisco for any price. Most of the larger shells, if they were not punctured with nail holes, would readily sell for from $3 to $5 apiece. But that size cannot be had in the market now and would be difficult to find on the rocks of any part of the coast.

The general effect of the house, when the sun strikes it at the proper angle, is dazzling. The polished, pearly surfaces sparkle with astounding brilliancy and flash with all the colors of the rainbow. It is a pleasing and surprising sight, and the only pity is that so many beautiful shells were destroyed to produce it.—San Francisco Call.

Libretto, First, Last and All the Time.

First and foremost the composer must provide himself with a good libretto. On this we should say roundly the whole fortune of the piece depends. A good libretto will make amends for bad music, but good music will never make amends for a bad libretto. If the libretto is light, the music need not necessarily be flimsy. Indeed, we can promise the composer that he may indulge his most recondite vein at times without danger, and throughout the opera may write his very best and most valued music. The libretto will correct him when he is inclined to prose and become tedious. It will keep him from tripping. It will be his salvation if he has any theories. Whatever he does, the opera will succeed—only provided that he has a good libretto.

In the second place, he must provide himself with a good libretto. On this we should say roundly the whole fortune of the piece depends. The best music in the world, which sounds elegant, and even sublime, in the concert room, if by any means it could be transmuted into the music of the theater, would fall flat and meaningless if linked with a bad libretto, so inextricably are the two intermingled—so important is a good libretto to the composer.

In the third place, he must by all means provide himself with a good libretto, for without it he can do nothing. In the fourth place, he must do the same, and having obtained the libretto he has only to sit down and write the very best music which his training and his genius admit of, and with a good libretto his opera will be a success.—Fortnightly Review.

About Opium.

Opium is extracted from the matter which exudes from the green, unripened capsule of the poppy. This matter is gathered in little globular particles of amber color by means of special instruments. It is put in earthen pots, carefully covered and transported to the laboratories of the English government, where it is massed in balls the size of a Dutch cheese.

These masses are covered by the petals of the plant, which have been reduced to powder, in order to prevent their adhering to each other. After being dried methodically the masses are packed and sent to Calcutta, the market which supplies all Asia. A public adjudication of the stock takes place every week.

The average price of a case of 40 of the masses described above, weighing each in the neighborhood of 1,800 drams, is 2,000 francs.

From this raw opium is made the "chendoo," the name under which is designated the opium of the smokers.

The preparation is a very delicate one, and only the Chinese know how to get the best results. Consequently after the conquest of Indo-China by the French the government was obliged to respect the prejudices of its new subjects and concede the growth and traffic in opium, imposing upon it a small tax.

In 1882 M. LeMyre de Vilers, having fixed the amount of revenue to be gathered from the opium trade at 7,000,000 francs, the Chinese refused to submit to the tax. An establishment was then opened at Saigon, where, since that time, the opium has been manufactured under the surveillance of the government and sold by its special agents.—Chicago Record.

Love Will Find a Way.

The Boston Post tells a story of a young man who is forbidden to call on or write to the girl with whom he is deeply in love, and by whom he is loved. He manages to circumvent the vigilance of her parents by whistling popular airs, she answering on the piano. He walks by the house, for instance, piping "Alice, Where Art Thou?" In good time he hears "Home, Sweet Home," played within. After a turn around the block he starts on "Oh, Nannie, Wilt Thou Gang Wi' Me?" Perhaps the return will be "Where Are You Going To?" A few bars of "Come Into the Garden, Maud," convey to her the tip, and the opening of "All's Well" on the piano tells him everything is understood.

Society Directory.

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ERROR IN THE JEWISH CALENDAR.

A Universal Synod Suggested For Its Needed Correction.

In a lecture recently delivered under the auspices of the Graetz college in Philadelphia on "The Jewish Calendar," Dr. Cyrus Adler called attention to an error in the calendar which may occasion some surprise to persons who have not investigated the subject.

It is a fact well known that the Jewish calendar in its present form was promulgated by Hillel II, about 350 C. E. This calendar is a bound lunar calendar—i. e., a lunar calendar with correction to solar time. At the time that the calendar was established it was much more accurate than any in use. It was universally accepted by Jews, even by the Karaites, and has afforded an important outward bond of union among scattered Israel.

Graetz has voiced the ordinary opinion as to the accuracy of our calendar in the following words: "The method of calculating the calendar introduced by Hillel is so simple and certain that up to the present day it has not required either emendation or amplification, and for this reason is acknowledged to be perfect by all who are competent to express an opinion on the subject, whether Jews or non-Jews.

This statement, however, does not agree with the astronomical facts. Our calendar makes the average lunar month 29 days 12 hours 44 minutes 3¼ seconds, whereas the true value is 29 days 12 hours 44 minutes 02.841 seconds. Again, our calendar calculates the solar year at 365 days 5 hours 55 minutes 25.439 seconds, whereas the true value is 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 46.091 seconds. It is plain, accordingly, that there is a double source of error, amounting to more than 8 minutes per year. Assuming the lunar and solar year to have been co-ordinated at the time of publication of Hillel's calendar, the Jewish year has in the 1,540 years intervening advanced forward from the vernal equinox somewhat over 7 days.

The importance of the correctness of the calendar is so great that it would appear advisable that a universal synod, be called to devise a plan whereby the error may be obviated. Such a synod once assembled, might be able to take action in other directions of the highest importance for the welfare of Israel. —American Hebrew.

Grace leads the right way. If you choose the wrong, take it and perish, but restrain your tongue. Charge not, with lights sufficient and left free, your willful suicide on God's decree.—Cowper.

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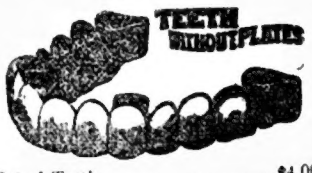

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